



FEATURE FUNNIES

FEBRUARY

QUICK!!
THERE'S A
GAS LEAK IN THE
KITCHEN!



JANE
ARDEN



NED
GRANT



THE
CLOCK

NO. 17

10¢





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1

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

BOXING IS A GREAT GAME OF WITS. HERE WE HAVE JOE BLOCKING A RIGHT HOOK TO THE JAW—



BLOCKING A LEFT JAB TO THE FACE



BLOCKING A LEFT TO BODY WITH ELBOW

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



HYPE ISOE IS SENDIN' A FRENCH FRIEND OF HIS HERE THANS AROUND WITH US A COUPLE DAYS—TH' GUY WANTS MATERIAL FER A FEATURE STORY!

UH HUH.



HE SAYS THIS BIRD'S FROM PARIS AN' HE'S GOT A TRIFFIC ACCENT—

IZZAT SO?



YOU ARE JOE, THIS'S MSOOR KNOSBEE, YES AN' M'SEUI PA-LAND!

THAT'S RIGHT, PAL! ARE YOU, THIS'S MSOOR KNOSBEE, YES AN' M'SEUI PA-LAND!

HOW DDO?



PARDON—WHAT'S ZIS YOU SAY, M'SEUI? I ASK ABOUT ZE QUESTION!

I SAID IT'S TH' MAHUSKA! TH' PLAIN OLD MAHUSKA!!

KNOSBEE IS RIGHT!!



WHEEL YO' EXPLAN ZAT AGAIN ONCE, KNOSBEE?

I SAYS TH' TOOTS COMES OUT IN TH' THIRD HEAT—HE TAKES A SANDER, AN' POW!—RIGHT IN TH' KISSER!



ANOTHER TIME ME AN' TH' KIDS HOOFIN' AROUND TRYIN' T'SET SHEKELS FER SCRATCH!

WE CERTAINLY WAS FLAT!!

???



MEBEE YAD LIKE THEAR ABOUT TH' TIME WE BLOWN TH' DUKE IN YONKERS

???

THAT WAS A ESTPERIENCE!!



THIS PUG'S GOT SWELL TO EXPLAN GAMS—AN' GAMS IS NOT IMPORTANT COMPREHEN—

PLEASE TO EXPLAN I'VE GOT T' UNDERSTAN

GEE HE'S HARD TO UNDERSTAN



—SO I LAY A GRAND TO A YARD AND A YARD AN' A HALF, KNOWIN' TH' FIX IS IN—

PARDON—YOU MEAN YARD AND A HALF OF CLOTH—YEST NOT?

NO—YOUSE GOT IT WRONG!



WELL, I HOPE YA GOT A HOT YARN, BOOLEEBAISE! TOODLEOO AN' DIP DIP!!

???

SLONGS NOW!



BOY OH BOY!! WHAT A JOB TRYIN' TMAKE THAT FRENCHMAN UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!

I'LL SAY!



YOU SHOULD HAVE A GOOD STORY AFTER THREE DAYS WITH THEM, HENRI!

NO HYPE!! I DON'T KNOW WHAT ZEY EVER TALK ABOUT!!

OH!!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

PRACTICE BLOCKING A RIGHT BY BENDING BACK FROM THE WAIST WHILE KEEPING YOUR HEAD ERECT--



AS YOUR MAN MISSES THROW YOUR RIGHT-- BUT COME AWAY QUICKLY AS YOU ARE NOW WIDE OPEN--



TO AVOID A STRAIGHT RIGHT TO YOUR FACE SWIFT YOUR HEAD-- AND SEND A LEFT TO HIS BODY WITH YOUR RIGHT ON GUARD--

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



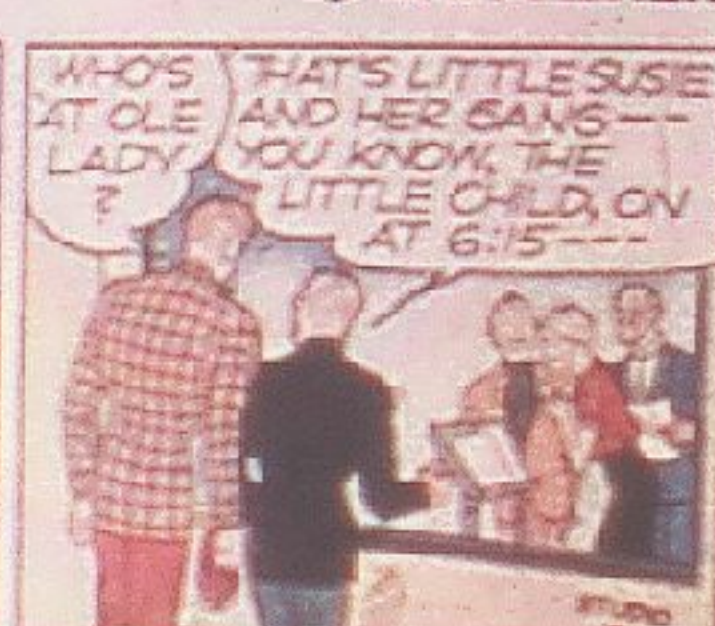
THAT WAS A SWELL INTERVIEW, JOE-- I'LL BET THE LISTENERS GOT A GREAT KICK OUT OF IT!

THAN' KYOUSE, TED-- WHY-- UH--



I'D LOVE TO GO AROUND AN' SEE THE FAMOUS PEOPLE WHICH IS ON THE RADIO

SURE, COME ON-- I'LL TAKE YOU AROUND



WHO'S AT OLE LADY?

THAT'S LITTLE SUSIE AND HER GANG-- YOU KNOW, THE LITTLE CHILD, ON AT 6:15--



WHICH PROGRAM IS THIS?

THAT'S THE 'SWEET-HEART OF THE AIR'-- SHE'S ON THAT WEIGHT REDUCING PROGRAM



WHAT ARE THEY FIGHTIN' ABOUT?

SAY-- HOW ABOUT THAT DOUGH YA OWE ME!

AW DRY UP!!



THAT'S THE 'SUNSHINE LADS'-- THEY'RE ALWAYS SCRAPPING

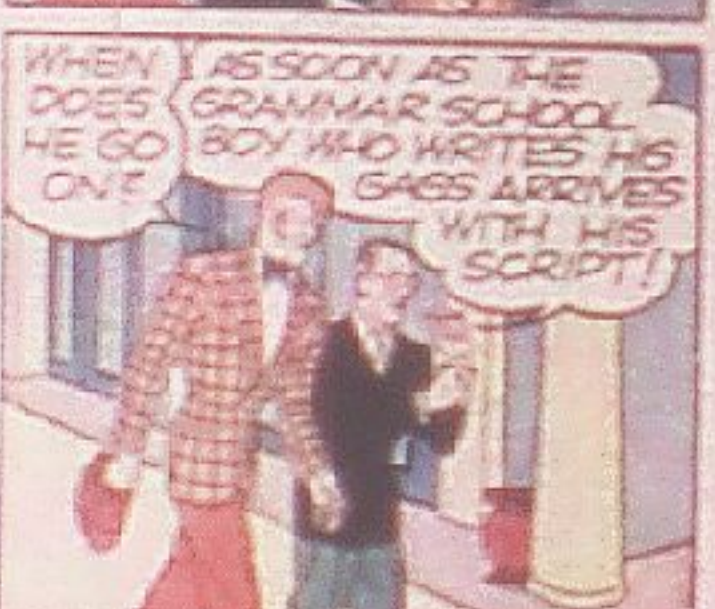


THAT'S CEDRIC MUSCLEBOUND-- HE DOES THE 'HOW TO BE STRONG' PROGRAM--



WHO'S HE?

THAT'S EDDIE WOOFING THE GREAT COMIC. HE GETS \$10,000 FOR A BROADCAST!



WHEN DOES HE GO ONE?

AS SOON AS THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY WHO WRITES HIS GAGS ARRIVES WITH HIS SCRIPT!



WHO ARE THEM PEOPLE?

SURE-- COME WITH ME--



THEY'RE FORMER VAUDEVILLE ACTORS-- THEY'RE ON THE WIGGLEY SOUP AMATEUR HOUR!

LET'S GO.



TCH TOH!

YOU SAID IT!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

TRY PUSHING THE OTHER MAN'S LEFT AWAY WITH YOUR RIGHT-- THEN LAND YOUR OWN LEFT QUICKLY

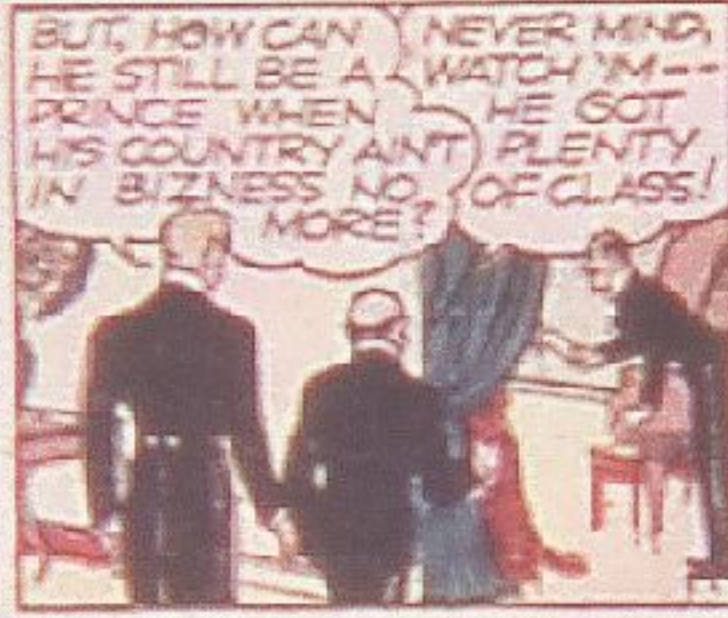


STUCK YOUR JAW CAN BE SHOVED OVER YOUR RIGHT SHOULDER WITH YOUR LEFT GLOVE



JOE PALOOKA

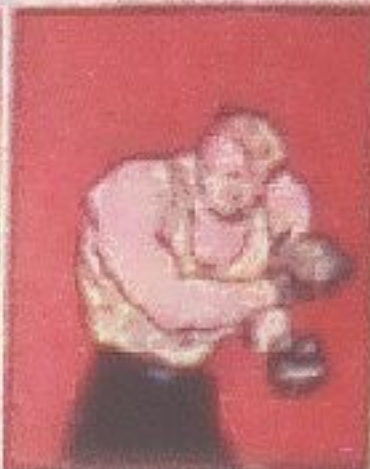
By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE



IN FIS, YOUR LEFT IS READY TO PICK OFF YOUR HANS RIGHT—AND YOUR RIGHT IS SET FOR A COUNTER BLOW—



HERE'S A GOOD WAY TO COVER UP WHEN ON THE DEFENSE—ONLY THE TOP OF HEAD AND SHOULDERS COUNT

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

HOW MUCH DID YOUSE BET ON SPORTIN' BLOOD?

TWO THOUSAND! HE'LL WIN IT EASY—IT'S A CINCH

PSSST, KNOBBY!

LOU!

I GOT A TIP THAT THIS FIGHT IS FIXED! YOUR BOY IS SONNA TAKE A DIVE!

WHATT? WHY HE WOULDN'T DARE!!

THE MOB CONTROL SPORTING BLOOD—AND I HEAR THEY'VE BET ON THE OTHER GUY!

OH! BETTER CALL MY BET OFF—C'MON, JOE!

I COULDN'T FIND THE GUY I BET WITH—I KNOW HOPE HARRY WENT TO THE RIGHT!

BETTER HURRY—THE FIGHT GOES ON IN A MINUTE!

I GUESS HARRY WAS WRONG! SPORTIN' BLOOD WILL WIN EASY!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S NOT TRYIN' HARD!

WHY—HE'S SPORTIN' ALL OVER IN—HHEY! I-I—WHAT?

IT'S PHONEY! AN' I HAD TWO GRAND ON 'IM! C'MON—FOLLA ME, JOE!

IT LOOKS VERY REAL—MEBBE HE RILLY IS OUT—

NOW DO LIKE I TOLD YA—

A'RIGHT

HOW'S HE LOOK? YOU DOCTOR?

HMM—PRETTY BAD CASE! SICK BOY—MAYBE SCROVENITUS! ZOO—TAK SET IN—

WILL HE LIVE, DOCTOR?

NO—PROBABLY DIE BEFORE MORNIN'!

B-BUT DOCT' HONIST—AH AINT SICK!!

W-WILL AH LIVE D-DOC—SCOFFS!

NOT AFTER THIS—HOPE!!

TEE HEE!!

WHY, TH' DIRTY CROOK!—AN' IT COST ME A FORTUNE!

WELL—HE LEARN'T A LESSON—AN' YOUSE SHOULD BE TOO—DONT BET ON NOTHIN'!

Follow Joe Palooka in the March issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale February 1st.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED

"I BROUGHT THE
MOUSE ALONG FOR
SIZE!"

MOUSE
TRAPS
1 DOZ
UP

"I NEVER GIVE
MY HUSBAND HIS
BREAKFAST IN BED!"

"OH, THIS IS
WHERE THOSE
JUGGLERS LIVE!"



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"ARE YOU SURE HE'S
OUR CHILD, DEAR?
LOOK--NOW HE'S
TURNING GREEN!"

"MY KID WON'T
MAKE GOOD--
HE FELL OUTA HIS
HIGH CHAIR TODAY!"

"WHEN THIS MODEL
GETS OLD IT'LL MAKE
A VERY FINE WASTE
BASKET!"

JANE ARDEN

by Maud Barrett and Russell E. Ross

WELL JANE, YOUR NEXT JOB WILL BE TO GO AFTER TAVERN TERRY TROOP!

LET ME SEE THAT PHOTO!

THEY CALL HIM TAVERN TERRY BECAUSE HE SWINDLES HOTELS! HE'S STAYING AT THE METROPOLE!

I'M ON MY WAY - I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!!

I KNOW HIS NAME! IT'S UP TO ME TO CATCH HIM TO PROVE A CASE!

OH - THERE'S TERRY - AND HE'S CASHING A CHECK TOO!!

I NEED A HUNDRED OLD MAN - WILL YOU CASH THIS FOR ME?

A LOCAL BANK EH? I MUST PHONE THEM!

I'LL GRAB HIM IF HE RUNS!

OKAY! THANKS

HERE YOU ARE - SORRY YOU HAD TO WAIT -

OH, YOU MUST BE CAREFUL!

THE CHECK WAS GOOD - BUT IF HE'S A "HOT-CHECK" ARTIST -

THIS ISN'T AS EASY AS I THOUGHT, BUT I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

HMM - THAT WAS SOFT!! - NOW I'LL SEE ABOUT THIS ONE!!

LENA HAS CHANGED THE WIRE ON HER BOX FOR THE RIBBON ON MELISSA'S

NO! MEN - YOU EAT WITH THE GAL WHOSE BOX YOU BOUGHT!

HEH! THEY'RE WAITIN' FER ME! WHORTLE-BERRY PIE THAT I TOLE 'EM LENA FETCHED!

I BID THREE CENTS!

DO I HEAR FOUR?

NO! NO! BIDS! AN' IT'S MELISSA'S BOX, TOO!

LAW, I WISH IT WAS MERS!

HOW'D YA KNOW IT WAS MY BOX, DAN'L?

MEANS A BOX A DOZ - I GOT IT WITH MY WIRE - WHAT AN IDIOT!

FOURTEEN CENTS WITH TWO JESSE LASSES - A PECK O' CORN!

ARE YOU CRAZY, REB? WHO EVER HEARD O' SUCH HIGH BIDDIN'?

IT'S THE WIRE I HAD ON MY BOX!

HEY! I BEEN CHEATED - MEANS THAT WHORTLE-BERRY PIE?

AT LEAST I'LL EAT MY OWN FOOD! GIVE ME MY BOX!

YOURE BOX? SAKES ALIVE! THAT'S BEEN CROOKED - NESS!

OH!!

JANE ARDEN'S MEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Robert Barron and Stewart R. Ross

AS JANE WATCHES TERRY TROOP, THE HO CHECKS ARTIST—

TERRY IS REGISTERED AT FOUR HOTELS—AND HE'S CASHED SOME CHECKS AT ALL OF THEM!!

AND THEY WERE ALL GOOD TOO!! LET'S LOOK UP HIS ACCOUNT!

YES, TROOP HAD AN ACCOUNT HERE—HE CLOSED IT OUT TODAY!! HE DIDN'T LEAVE TOWN!

SURE—THESE ACCOUNTS WERE A BUILD UP! NOW'S THE TIME FOR ME TO ACT! HE WAS ESTABLISHING HIS CREDIT!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO PHONE THE BANK MR TROOP—AND THIS IS FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!!

LOOK—YOU'VE CASHED CHECKS FOR ME BEFORE—AND I NEED THIS MONEY FOR A BIG DEAL!!

HERE ARE CANCELLED CHECKS I CASHED HERE—SEE YOUR ENDORSEMENTS?

ALL RIGHT—THE OTHERS WERE GOOD AND YOU LIVE HERE!! THANKS VERY MUCH!!

OFFICER ARREST THAT MAN!! OKAY—YOU'VE GOT A BADGE!!

S-SAY!! I'LL SUE THIS HOTEL!! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF JAIL FIRST!!

BUT HIS CHECKS HAVE BEEN GOOD IN THE PAST!! YES—BUT HE CLOSED OUT HIS LAST BANK ACCOUNT TODAY!!

THAT \$500.00 WILL PUT HIM AWAY—THEN ONLY YOU'LL GET IT BACK!!

SAY LENA—THERE'S GREAT DOIN'S AFOOT—THE WHOLE SECTION'S ATALKIN—

MY LAND—WHAT'S WRONG? GIT OUT YORE BEST DUDS—IN PLANNIN' ON YA PUTTIN' YER BEST FOOT FORWARD!! HAW HAW!!

CMAHNN!! EVRY PERKOSER TH' OTHER SIDE O' TH' RIDGE WILL BE HERE!!

THEY'RE WALKIN' WHY—PURTY FUR AN' COUSIN THEY'LL WANT ALECK GRUB—SIDE MEAT, CAKES, COMIN' TO AN WHORTLE—BERRY PIE!!

ALL THE PERKOSER TROOP HERE!!

HE HEARD YEA WAS A CITY GAL—OUR GALS AN' HE WAS THERE ONCE SAW CITY HISSELF!!

WAL—I LIKE TH' GRUB TOO MUCH TMOVE FROM HERE NOW!! LET 'IM COME—WHAR'S MY GUN?

HE HEARD YEA WAS A CITY GAL—OUR GALS AN' HE WAS THERE ONCE SAW CITY HISSELF!!

WAL—I LIKE TH' GRUB TOO MUCH TMOVE FROM HERE NOW!! LET 'IM COME—WHAR'S MY GUN?

YOU WANT ALECK TA COME, LENA!! I DON'T CARE!!

IS HE COMIN' WITH WIFIN IN MIND?

IS HE COMIN' WITH WIFIN IN MIND?

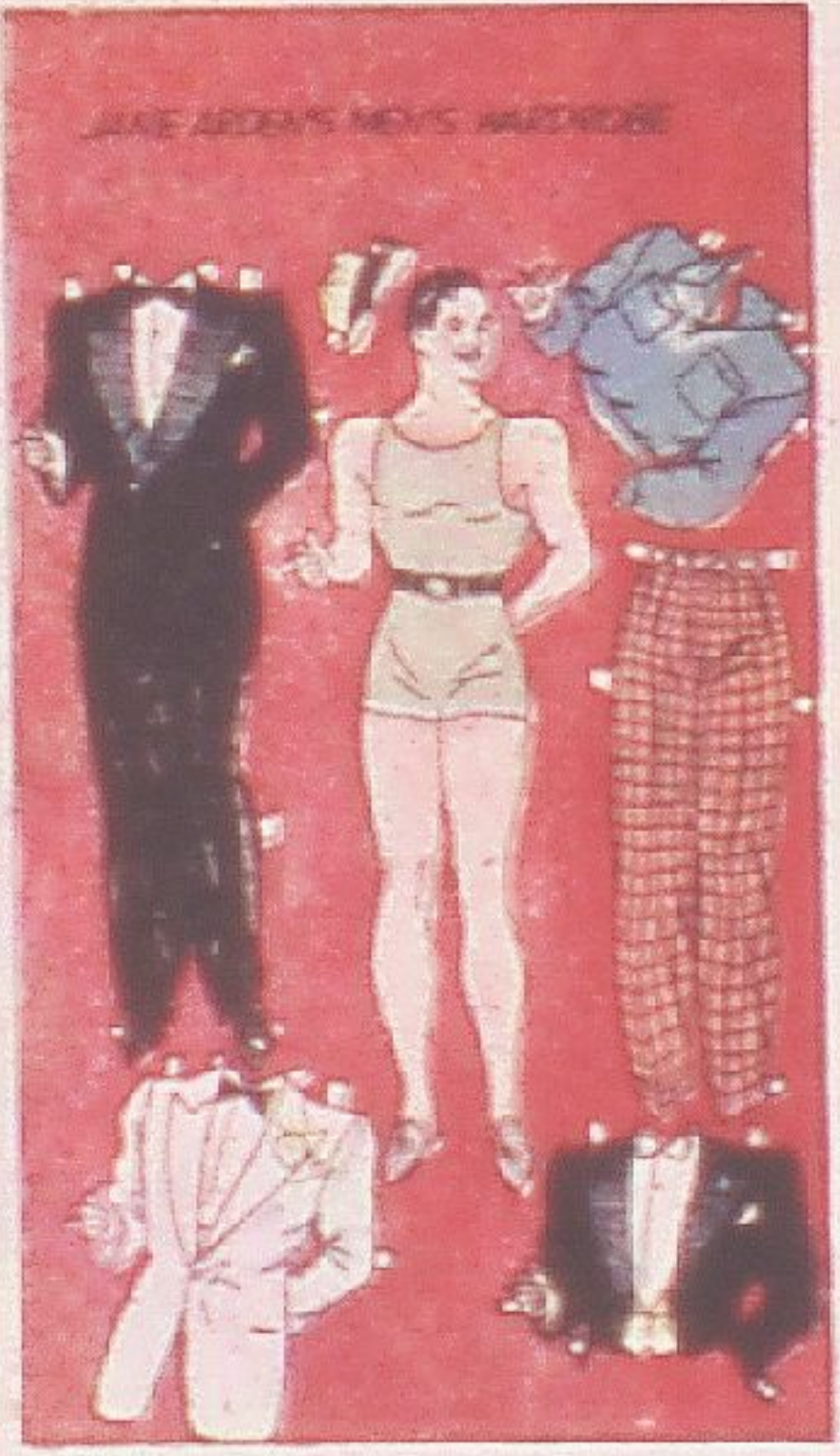
IS HE COMIN' WITH WIFIN IN MIND?

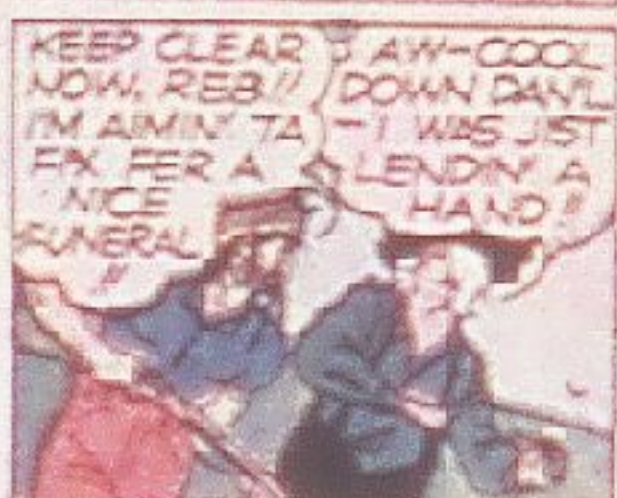
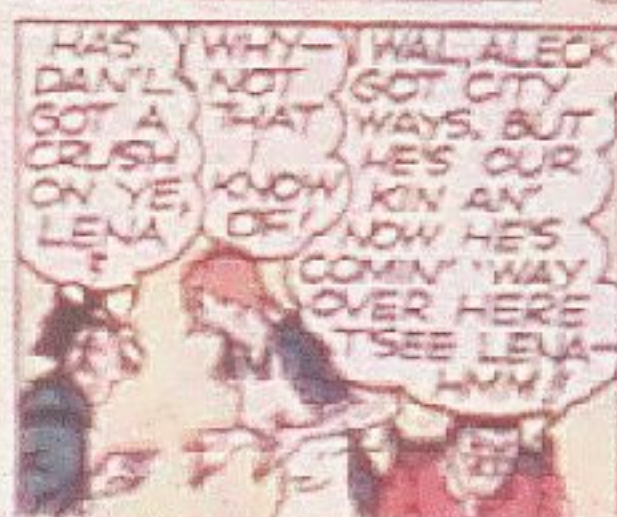
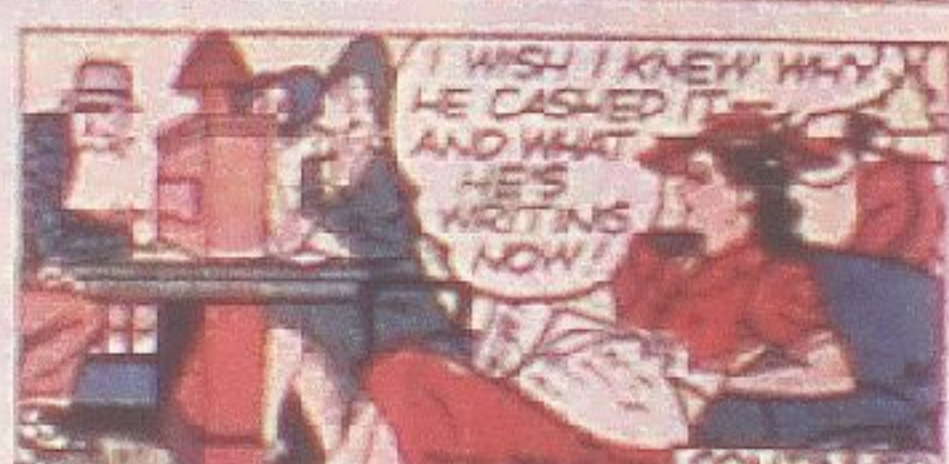
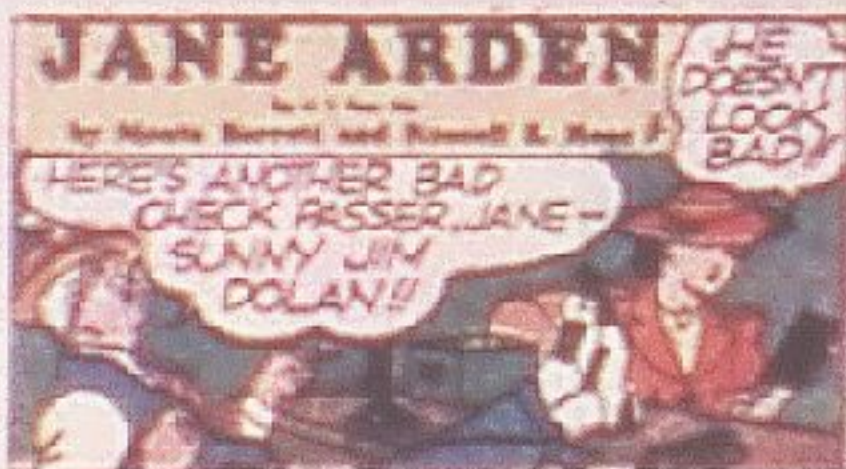
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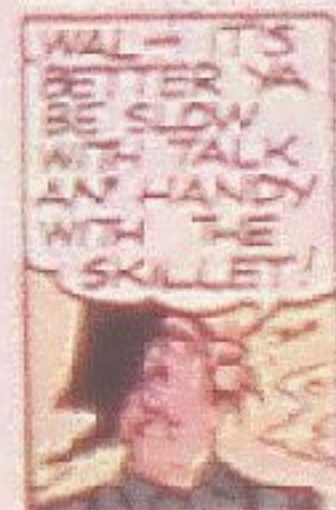
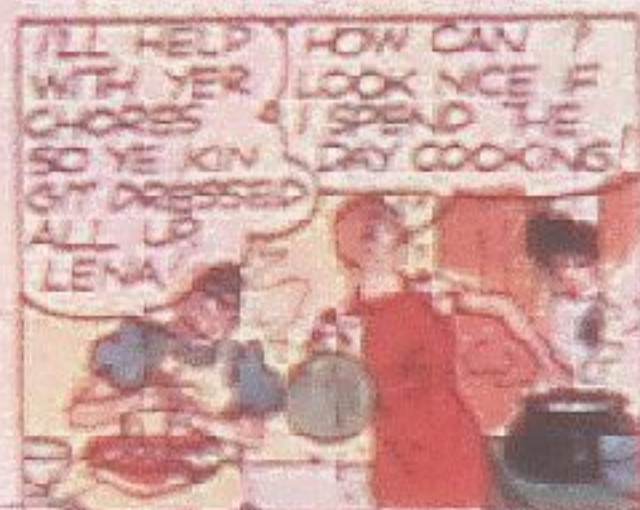
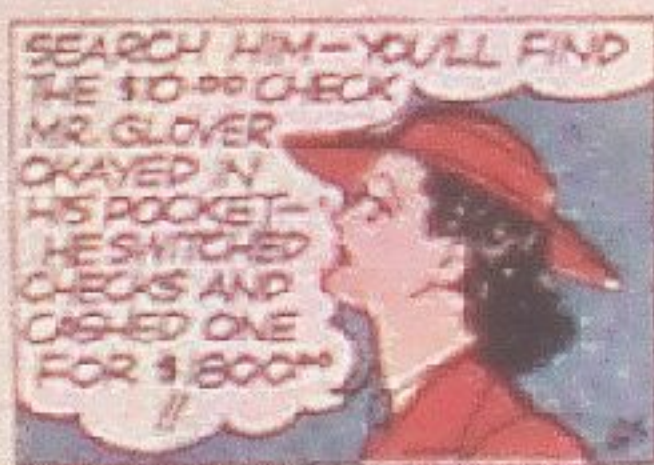
IS HE COMIN' WITH WIFIN IN MIND?

IS HE COMIN' WITH WIFIN IN MIND?

IS HE COMIN' WITH WIFIN IN MIND?







Richard MANNERS

THE SUPER SLEUTH

BY Paolo



RICHARD MANNERS IS THE SON OF A WEALTHY AND
POWERFUL FAMILY IN THE EAST. DUE TO HIS
ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT AND HIS LOVE FOR DETECTIVE
WORK HE AND HIS FATHER HAVE HAD MANY
STORY-BOOK ENCOUNTERS.



HMM - THIS SON
OF MINE GOES
TOO FAR!



GET MY SON
DICK, HE'S
PROBABLY
AT HIS OFFICE.

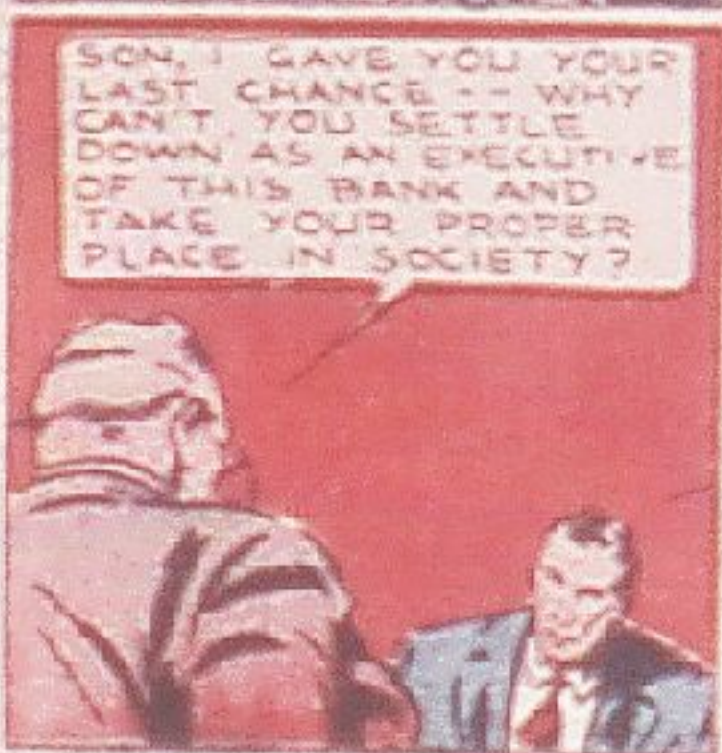


WHAT'S UP NOW
DAD?

TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!



I'LL BET YOU WANT
TO CONGRATULATE
ME FOR THAT CASE
I JUST FINISHED, EN?



SON, I GAVE YOU YOUR
LAST CHANCE -- WHY
CAN'T YOU SETTLE
DOWN AS AN EXECUTIVE
OF THIS BANK AND
TAKE YOUR PROPER
PLACE IN SOCIETY?



DAD, WE'VE BEEN
OVER THAT BEFORE
AND THAT'S NOT
THE LIFE FOR
ME!



IS THAT FINAL, DICK?

I'M SORRY DAD--
I'M AFRAID IT
IS!



WHILE LEAVING THE BANK
MANNERS ACCIDENTLY BUMPED
INTO A FAMILIAR FIGURE--

BEG PARDON MISTER.

WATCH
YOUR STEP,
MANNERS!

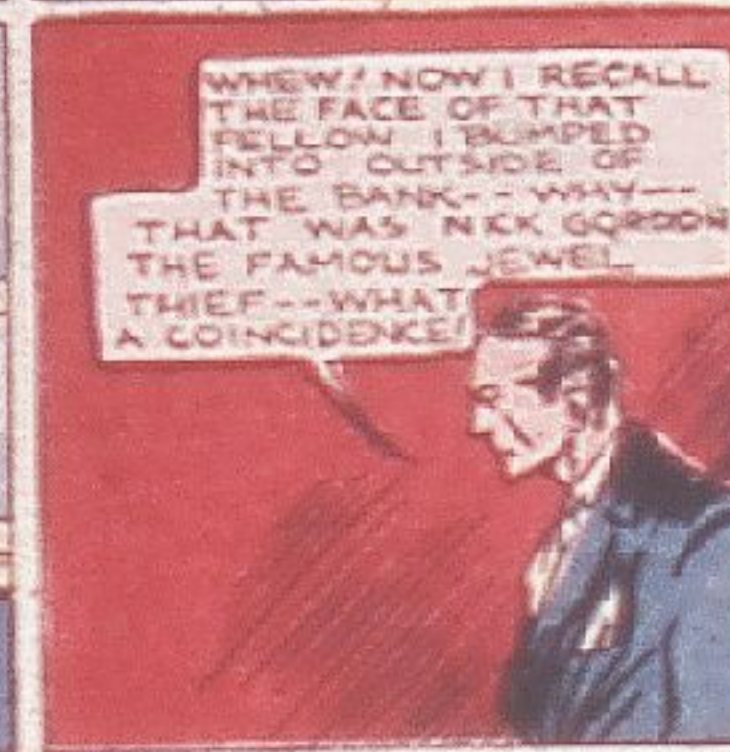
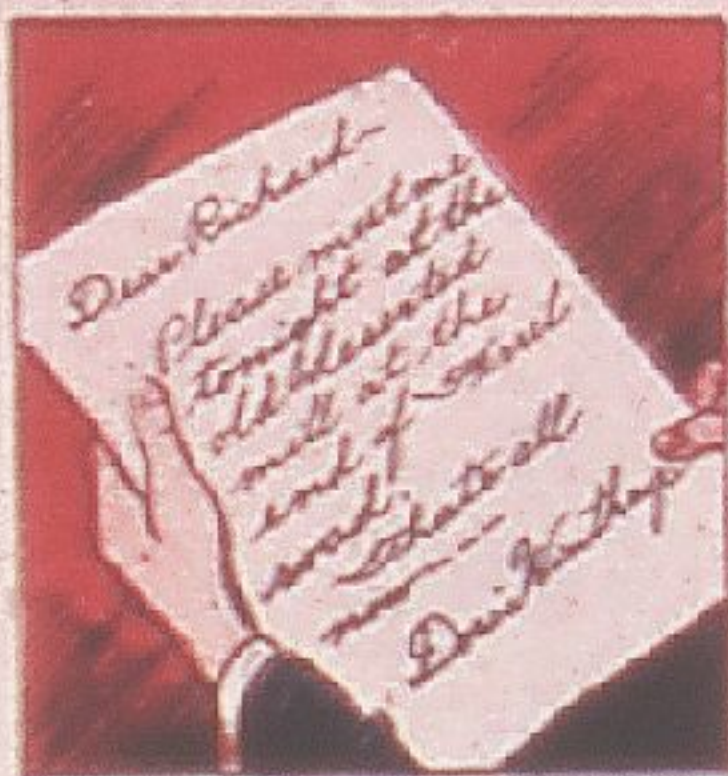


NOW, WHERE
HAVE I SEEN
HIM BEFORE?



LATER THAT
EVENING AT
THE MANNERS
HOME--

SAY!
WHAT
CAN
THIS
BE?





GET UP, EH MANNERS? NICE WORK BUTCH-- GET UP NOW AN' TAKE TH' CAR WITH YA-- YOU KNOW WHERE?

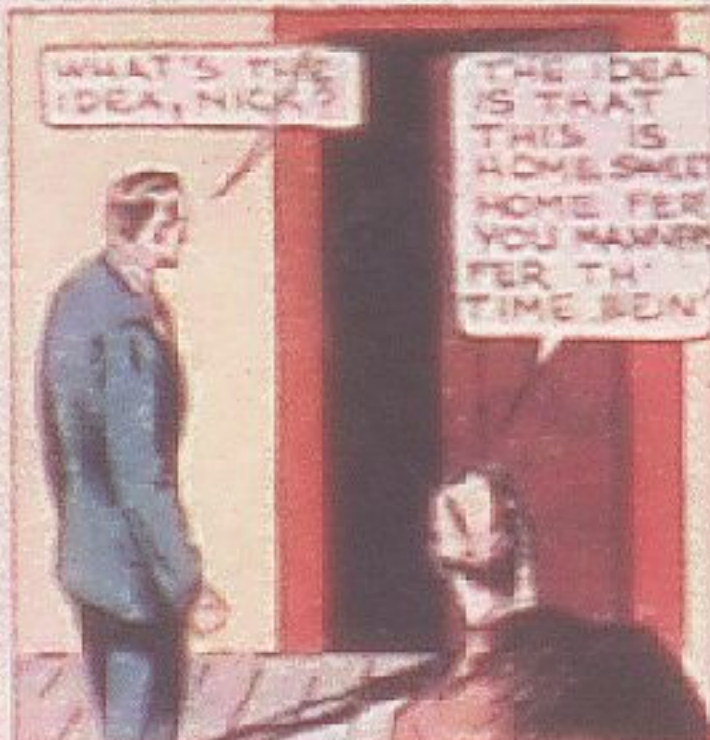
SO? NICK GORDON? NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN--NOTHING LIKE MEETING OLD FRIENDS EH?



OKAY, MANNERS, GET BACK IN YOUR CAR AND DON'T PULL ANY CLEVER STUFF-- OR ELSE!



THIS IS WHERE WE GIT OUT DETECTIVE-- GET GOIN'!



WHAT'S THE IDEA, NICK?

THE IDEA IS THAT THIS IS HOME SWEET HOME FER YOU MANNERS FER TH' TIME BEIN'



CHON-- LET'S TAKE THOSE STONES AND SCRAM NICK-- WE'LL SPLIT ON 'EM LATER

WHAT'S THAT?

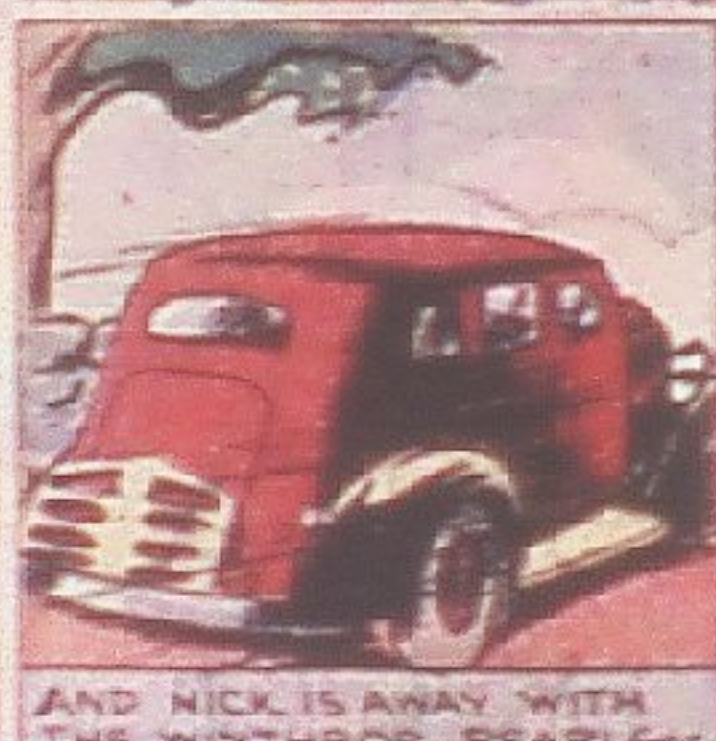


BROTHER, THIS IS STRICTLY A ONE-WAY SPLIT-- SO LONG PAL!

BANG BANG



CHEERIO FRIENDS!



AND NICK IS AWAY WITH THE WINTHROP PEARLS--

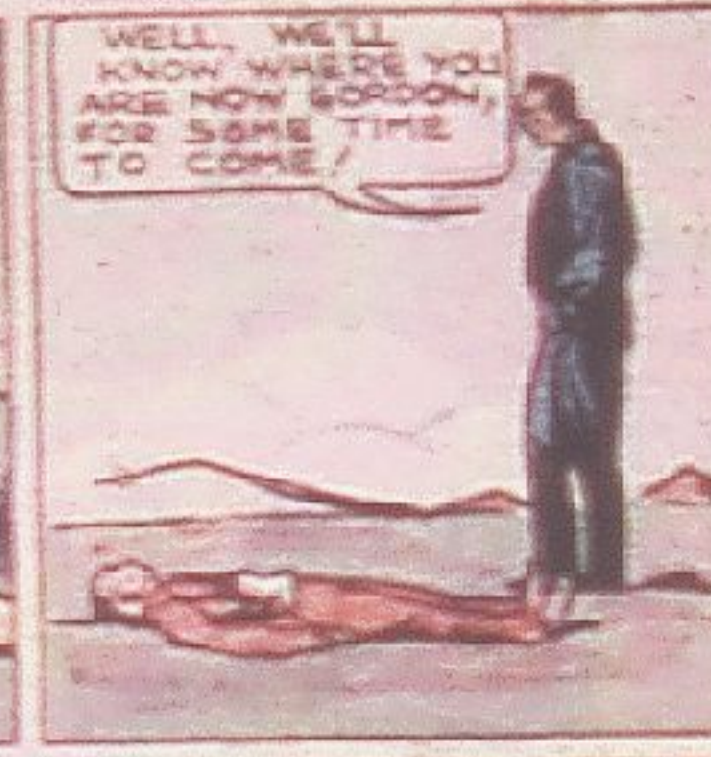
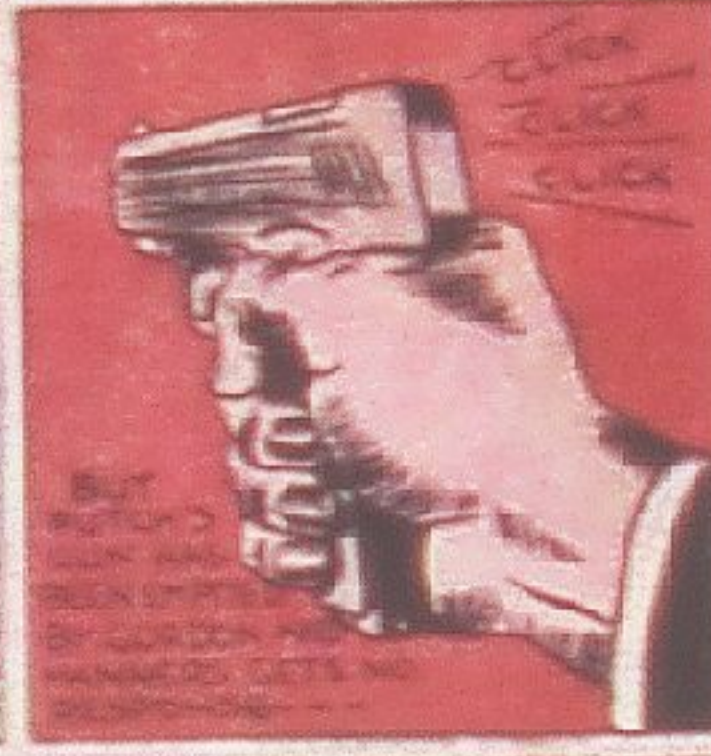
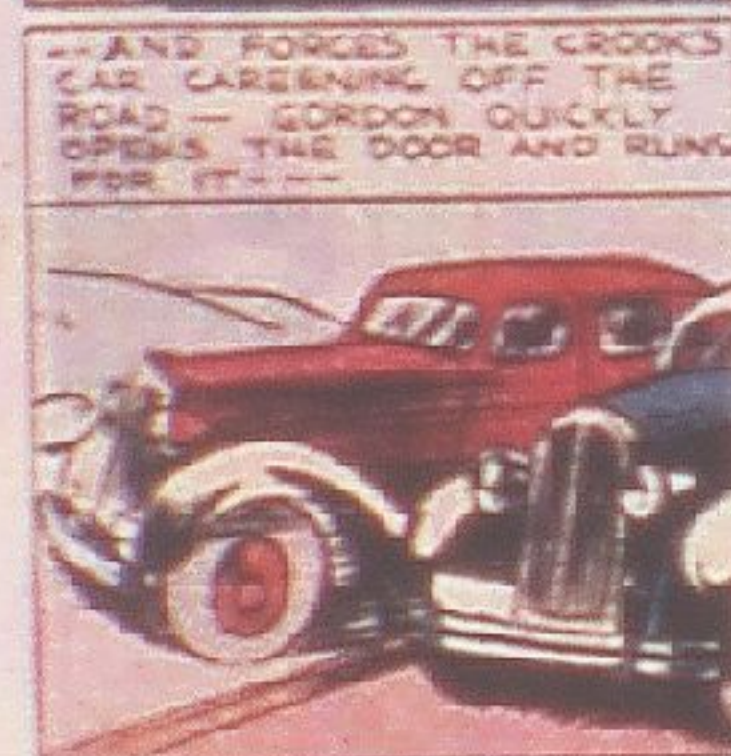


I'M PASSIN' OUT FAST BUT I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT DOUBLE-CROSSER-- I'M GIVIN' YOU A BREAK AN' CUTTIN' YOU LOOSE!



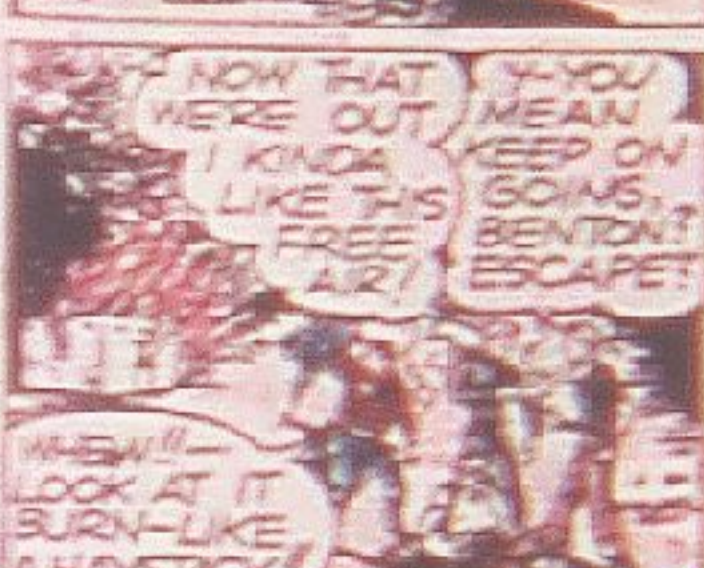
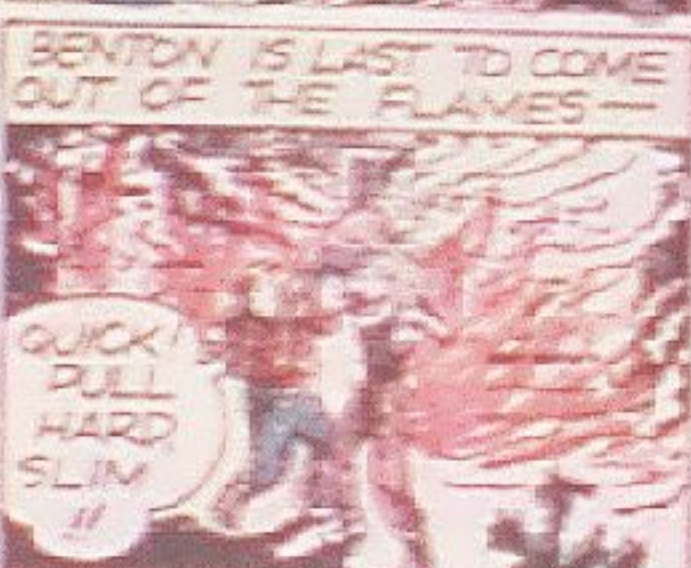
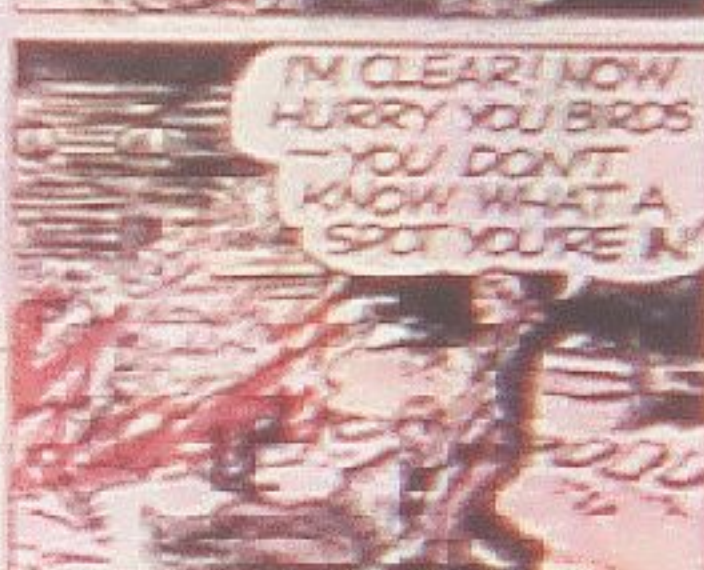
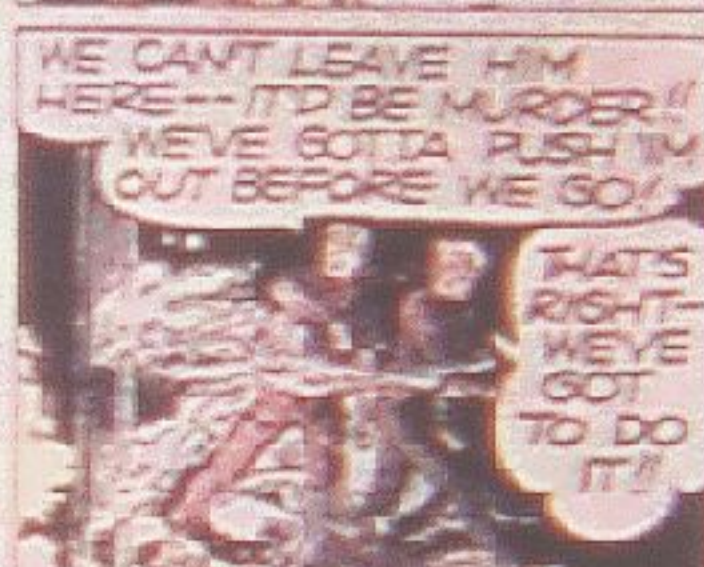
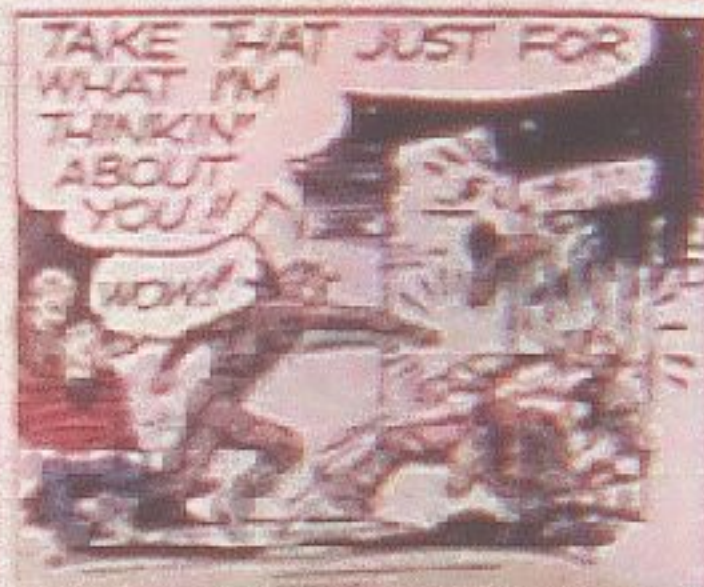
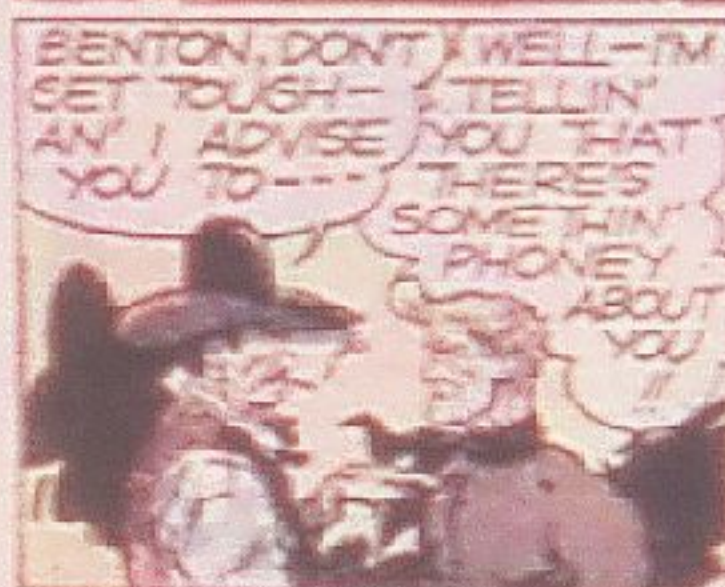
AS THE WOUNDED BUTCH EXPRES DICK TAKES HIS RUN FROM HIM--

THIS MAKES GORDON A MURDERER NOW AS WELL AS A THIEF!



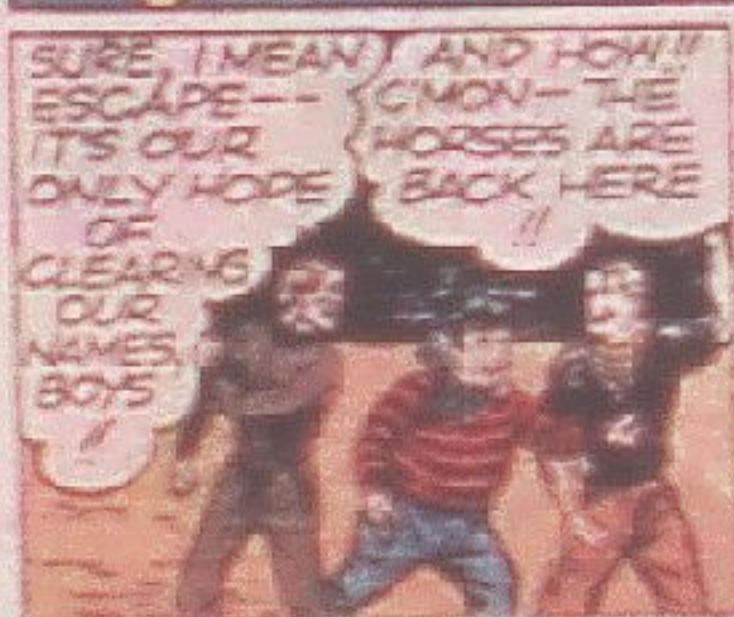
SLIM and TUBBY

JOHN J. WOOD

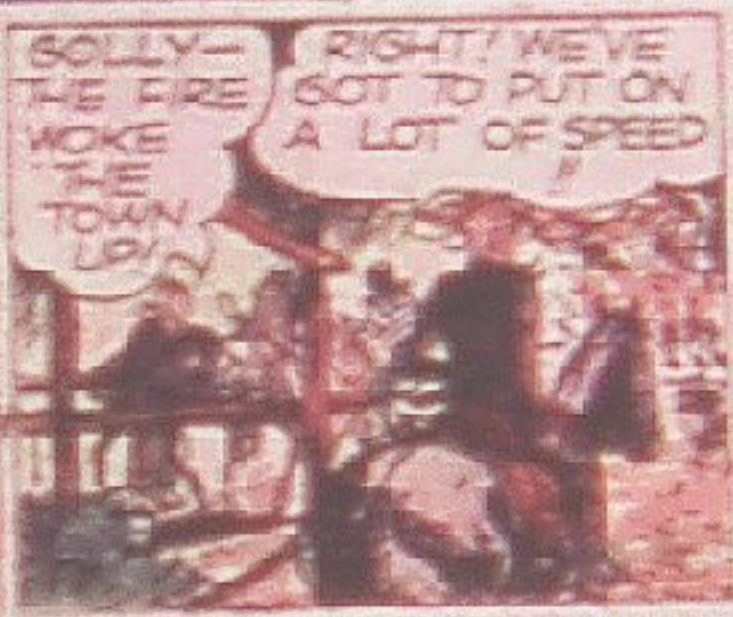


SLIM and TUBBY

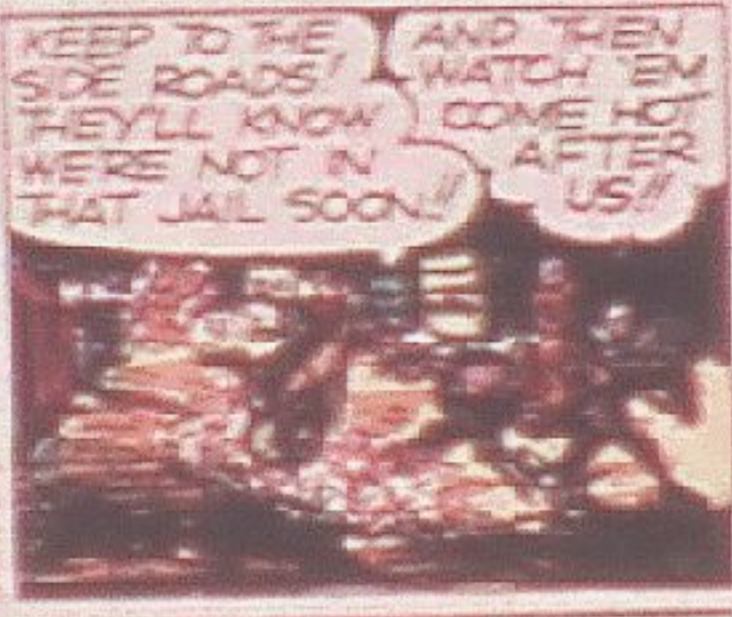
John J. Welch



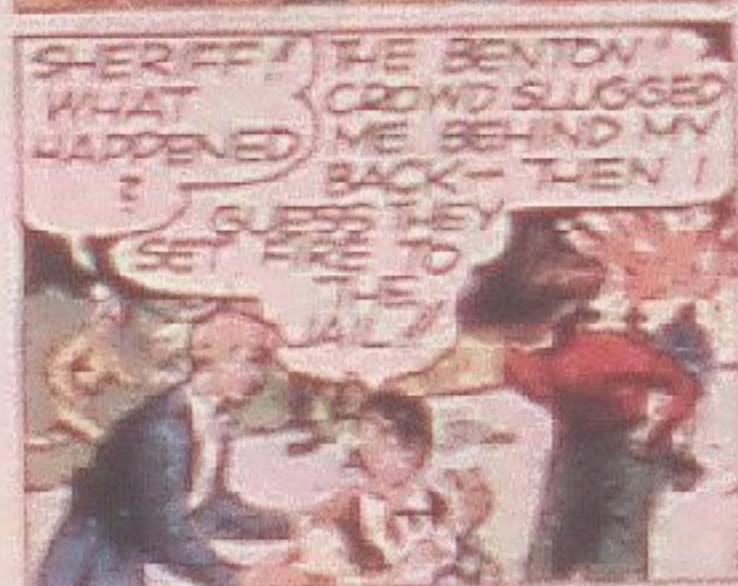
SURE, I MEAN AND HOW!!
ESCAPE--- C'MON--THE
IT'S OUR HORSES ARE
ONLY HOPE BACK HERE
OF CLEARING
OUR NAMES,
BOYS



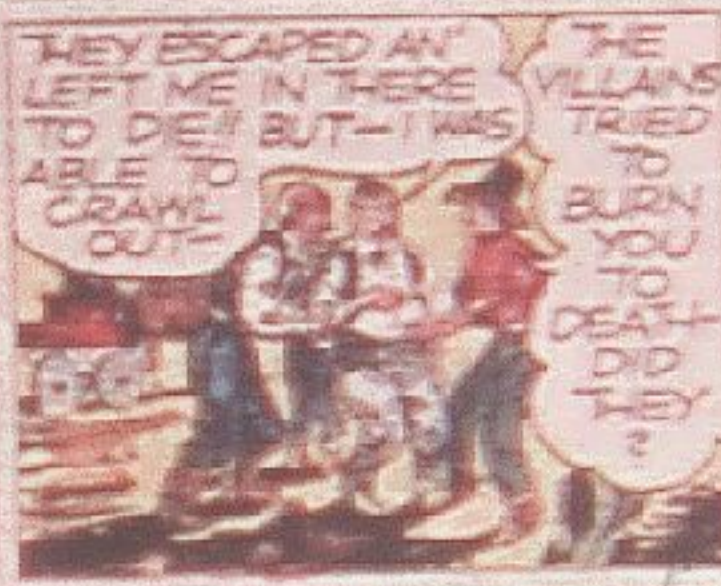
BOLLY--
THE FIRE
WOKE
THE
TOWN
UP!!
RIGHT! WE'VE
GOT TO PUT ON
A LOT OF SPEED



KEEP TO THE
SIDE ROADS!
THEY'LL KNOW
WE'RE NOT IN
THAT JAIL SOON!!
AND THEN
WATCH 'EM
COME HOT
AFTER
US!!



SHERIFF!
WHAT
HAPPENED
?
THE BENTON
CROWD SLUGGED
ME BEHIND MY
BACK-- THEN I
GUESS THEY
SET FIRE TO
THE JAIL!!



THEY ESCAPED AN
LEFT ME IN THERE
TO DIE! BUT--I WAS
ABLE TO
CRAWL
OUT--
THE VILLAINS
TRIED
TO
BURN
YOU
TO
DEATH--
DID THEY?



D'YA HEAR THAT?
IT MEANS THE
WORST OUTLAWS
IN THE STATE
ARE LOOSE!
EVERYBODY
GET
HOSSES!
WE'VE
GOTTA
NAB 'EM



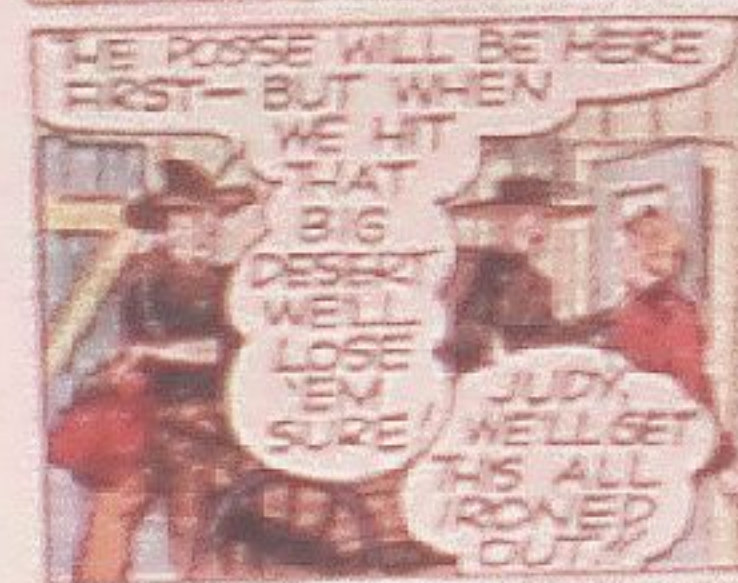
WHAT'S
OUR
PLAN?
THEY'LL
BE AFTER RANCH
US SOON!!
C'MON,
HEAD
FOR
THE
RANCH



QUICK! NO TIME TO
TALK, JUDY-- WE
BROKE OUT! GET
STUFF FOR US
T'BACK
ALONGS!
OH!!
BOYS--
WHAT
HAPPENED
?



BUT, RUNNING
AWAY MAKES
YOU LOOK
GUILTY!!
DON'T WORRY--
WE'RE
GOING TO
DIG OUT
THE TRUTH
OF OUR
CASE



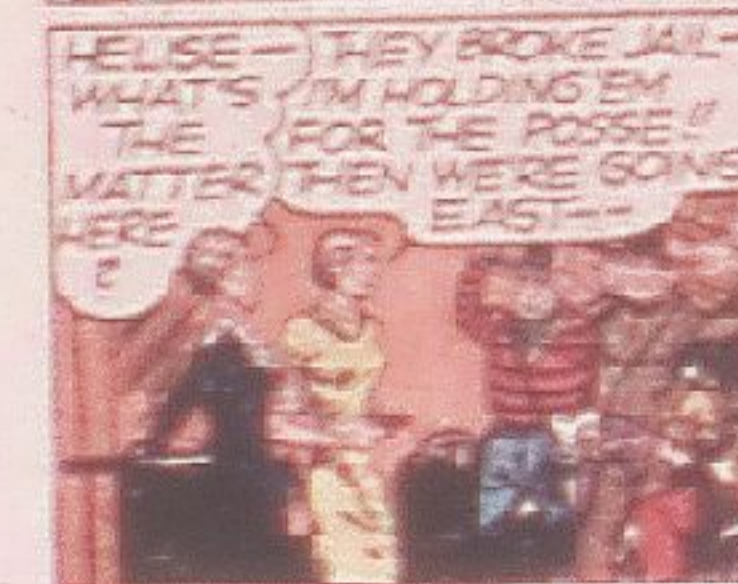
THE POSSE WILL BE HERE
FIRST-- BUT WHEN
WE HIT
THAT
BIG
DESERT
WE'LL
LOSE 'EM
SURE!
JUDY,
WE'LL GET
THIS ALL
IRONED
OUT!!



SO! MAYBE THEY'LL BE
SHOOPING INTO MRS.
BOTT'S
ROBBERY
TOO--
WELL,
HERE'S
WHERE
I STOP
THAT!!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE--
I HEARD IT ALL-- WHEN THE
POSSE COMES YOU'LL
STILL BE
RIGHT
HERE
WHY?
HELISE--
YOU'RE



HELISE--
THEY BROKE JAIL--
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER
HERE?
I'M HOLDING 'EM
FOR THE POSSE--
THEN WE'RE GOING
EAST--



BUT-- I DON'T
WANT TO LEAVE
HERE
UNTIL--
QUIET! WE
LEAVE
TODAY--
GO AND PACK
NOW!!
HELISE--
I AM FORCED
TO SAY THAT--



--THAT TOOK
THE BULLETS
OUT OF THAT
GUN
YESTERDAY!
HOORAY
FOR MRS.
BOTT!!
MRS. BOTT--
STAY HERE--
MAYBE WE'LL FIND
YOUR MONEY-- AND
THE MAN WHO TOOK IT!

Slim and Tubby is continued in the March issue--on sale February 1st.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About
The Man
Who Broke
A World's
Record
And Lost!

We're at Madison Square Garden in New York City. It is Feb. 22, 1934, and two of the greatest milers who ever lived, Gene Venzke and Glenn Cunningham, greet each other cordially. In a few moments they are to be battling each other for fame through 1500 meters.



Cunningham has set one world's record. Can he better it? A strong hint of what may happen comes home to you as they pound through the first quarter of the race in 59 seconds!



Then suddenly you can't believe your eyes. You gasp... You're up on your feet with the crowd electrified, as Venzke draws abreast of Cunningham in the home stretch!



Gene's shooting the world... In a final desperate effort, his heart pounding against his ribs, his ears deaf to the thunderous roar of the fans, Venzke pulls ahead... His heaving chest hits the tape in new world record time, 3 minutes, 49.9/10 seconds.



Introducing the famous Pennsylvanian Gene Venzke, who ran Cunningham into the lumber to set a new world's record... Cunningham's time was 3 minutes, 50.1/10 seconds, which was faster than the old world record made by himself... And still he lost.



CASPAR—DON'T
STRIKE THE
LIGHTNING



OH—HELLO
ALBERT!

HELLO
EMILY—



YOU'RE
WRITING A
NOVEL
WHOSE
TITLE
IS
MINE?



WELL—DON'T THINK IT
MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE
WHETHER YOU
THOUGHT—

THE BUNGLE FAMILY

HELP!

By H. J. TUTTILL



GEORGE! CAN
YOU HEAR
ME, GEORGE?



—I DROPPED
FOUR POUNDS
OF PRUNES
ON THE WAY
UP—



HERE'S A BAG—
BE SURE YOU
GET ALL THOSE
PRUNES PICKED
UP—



PRUNES! PRUNES!
EVERYWHERE



AH! AT LAST ALL
OF THEM ARE
PICKED UP—



OH—MY BACK IS
SORE! BUT THIS
BAG DOESN'T
WEIGH OVER TWO
POUNDS—
I'M SURE OF THAT!



TO AVOID AN
ARGUMENT I
DAMPEN 'EM SO
THEY SWELL UP
TO FOUR POUNDS



DORIS! A
LITTLE TOO
MUCH WATER



OH—HELL—THEY
SHOULD DRY OUT
BEFORE SHE
USES 'EM—



BETTER HURRY—
THE HANDLES ON
THIS BAG MIGHT—



NOW! THERE
THEY GO—



BUT THE PRUNES
DIDN'T SPILL—
MUCH!



I CAN MAKE
THE HANDLES
DO UNTIL—



OH—IT SLIPPED
OUT OF MY
HAND—



AH—LUCKY THE
PRUNES DIDN'T
GET OUT—BUT THE
BAG IS BUSTED—



IT'D BETTER GET
THIS WHOLE
MESS DOWN TO
THE ASH PIT IN
A HURRY—



IT'S LEAKING
WORSE—BETTER
PUT ON MORE
SPEED OR—



GEORGE!
WHAT ABOUT
THE PRUNES?
???

OK! I KNOW
YOU HEAR
ME, GEORGE!



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

NERVES

By H. J. TUTTILL
 ADAPTED FROM THE STORY BY J. H. B. J.





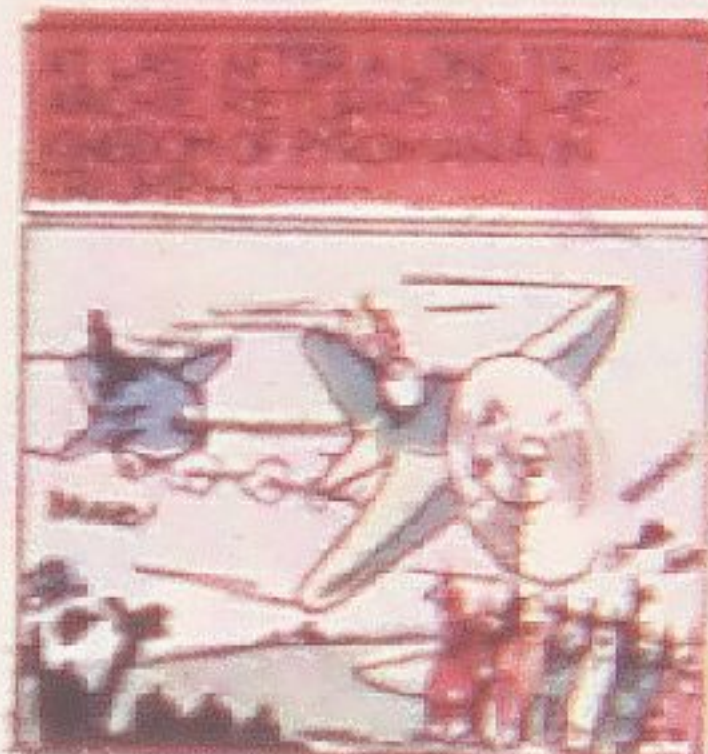
THE BUNGLE FAMILY

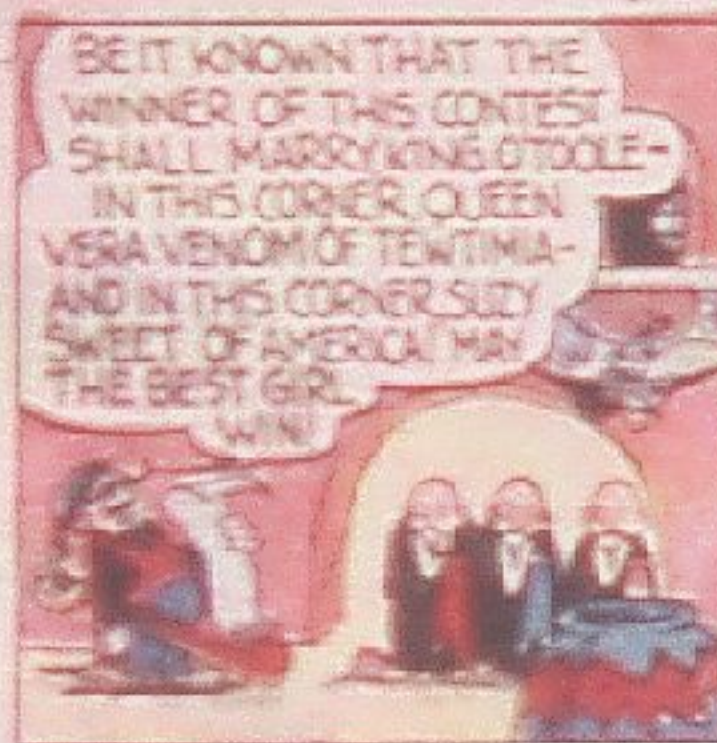
MORE FATE

By H. J. TUTHELL



More of The Bungles in the March issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale February 1st.





REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

ART PINAJIAN

SERGEANT REYNOLDS, TWO YEARS AGO A PLANE TRANSPORTING GOLD WAS LOST IN A BLIZZARD WHILE FLYING OVER THE SHANI ESKIMO VILLAGE. IT IS REPORTED THAT THE PILOT LIVED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS AFTER THE PLANE WENT DOWN!

AT THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

WHILE HE LIVED HE KEPT A LOGBOOK SHOWING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE PLANE. AFTER HIS DEATH THE LOGBOOK WAS FOUND BY THE SHANI. SERGEANT, WE MUST GET THIS BOOK AS IT IS THE ONLY WAY WE HAVE TO RECOVER THE BURIED GOLD!

QUITE A TRIP TO THE SHANI VILLAGE, EH REYNOLDS?

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED MILES, BEN, BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

WUSH-WUSH! I WONDER WHAT THAT IS OVER THERE IN THE SNOW? GOOD GOSH-IT'S MOVING!

AN ESKIMO! POOR FELLOW-NOT ONLY STARVED BUT BEATEN! GOOD THING I CAME ALONG!

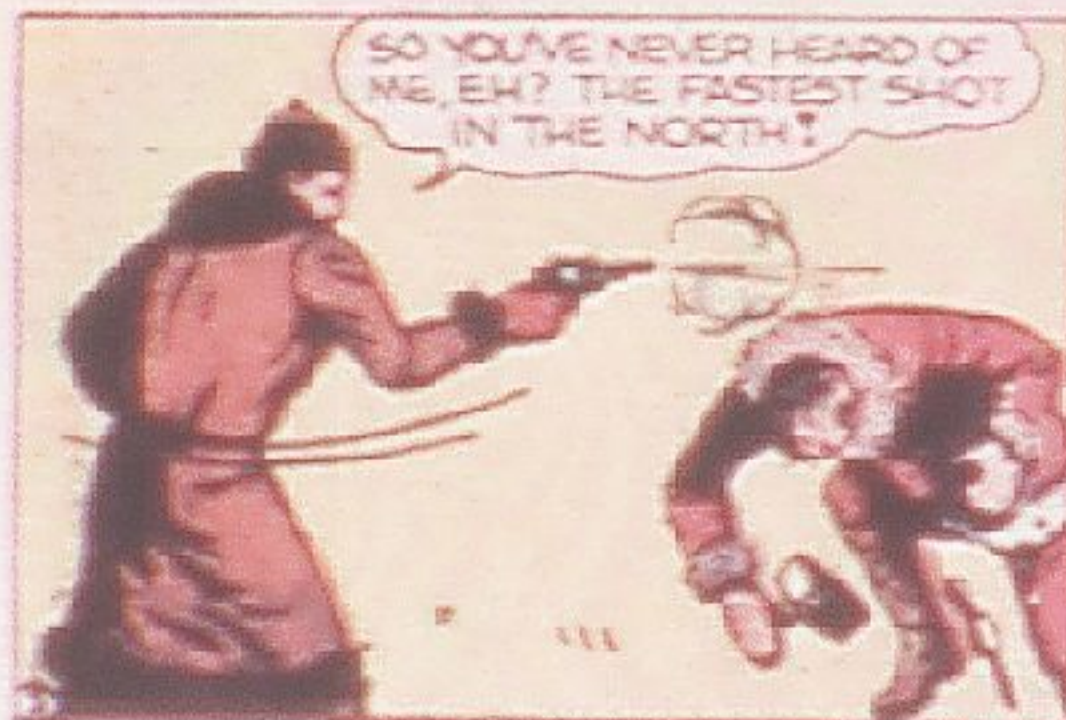
A FEW WEEKS LATER.

WELL-HERE WE ARE! NOW TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

YOU SAY YOU LOOK FOR LOGBOOK LEFT BY PILOT OF WRECKED PLANE. YOU SAVE MY LIFE SO I HELP YOU. MY NAME IS TAK!

THANKS, ISAK, THAT WOULD HELP A LOT!







ISTAK!

FROM AFAR I SEE BLACK JOHN SHOOT YOU AND ESCAPE—LOOK LIKE FLESH WOUND—NOT BAD. I USE SNOW TO REVIVE YOU!

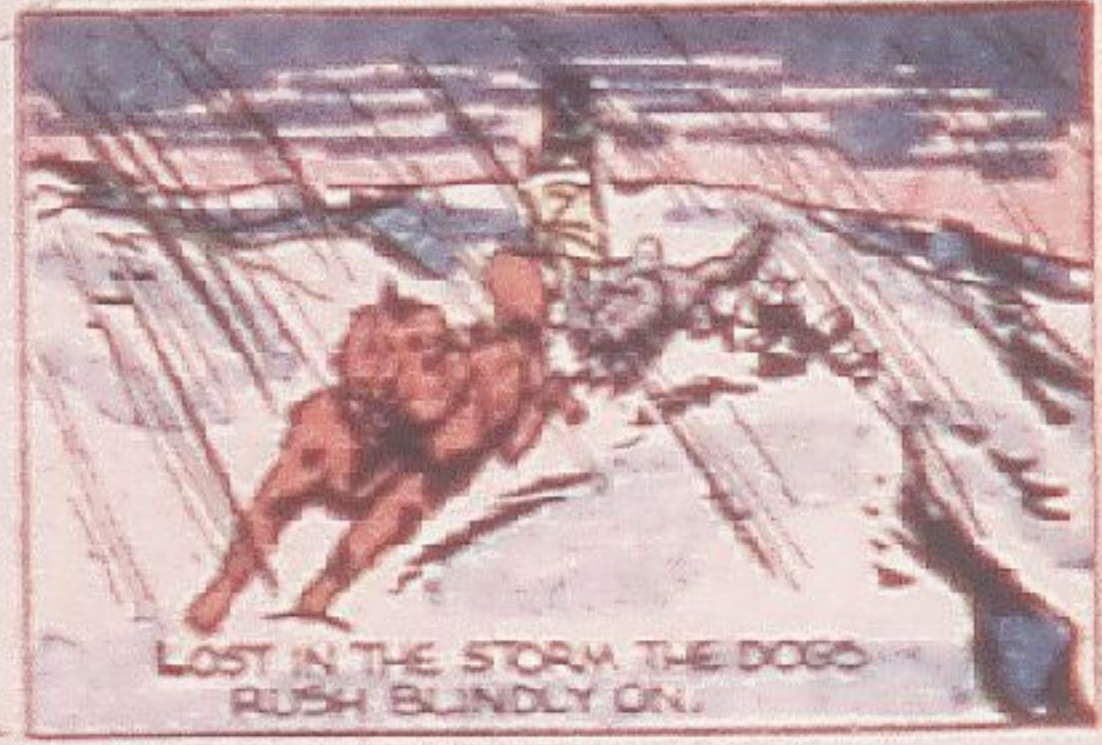


BLACK JOHN IS HOURS AHEAD OF US, ISTAK!

FEEL WIND? BLIZZARD COMING—MUST TAKE SHELTER IN CAVE IN ICE OVER THERE! QUICK!



BLAZES! WHAT A BLIZZARD—BUT I WON'T STOP NOW! THIS STORM WILL COVER MY TRACKS IN CASE ANYBODY TRIES TO TRAIL ME! BUT I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING—



LOST IN THE STORM THE DOGS RUSH BLINDLY ON.



IT'S A BLIND TRAIL!! H-HELP!

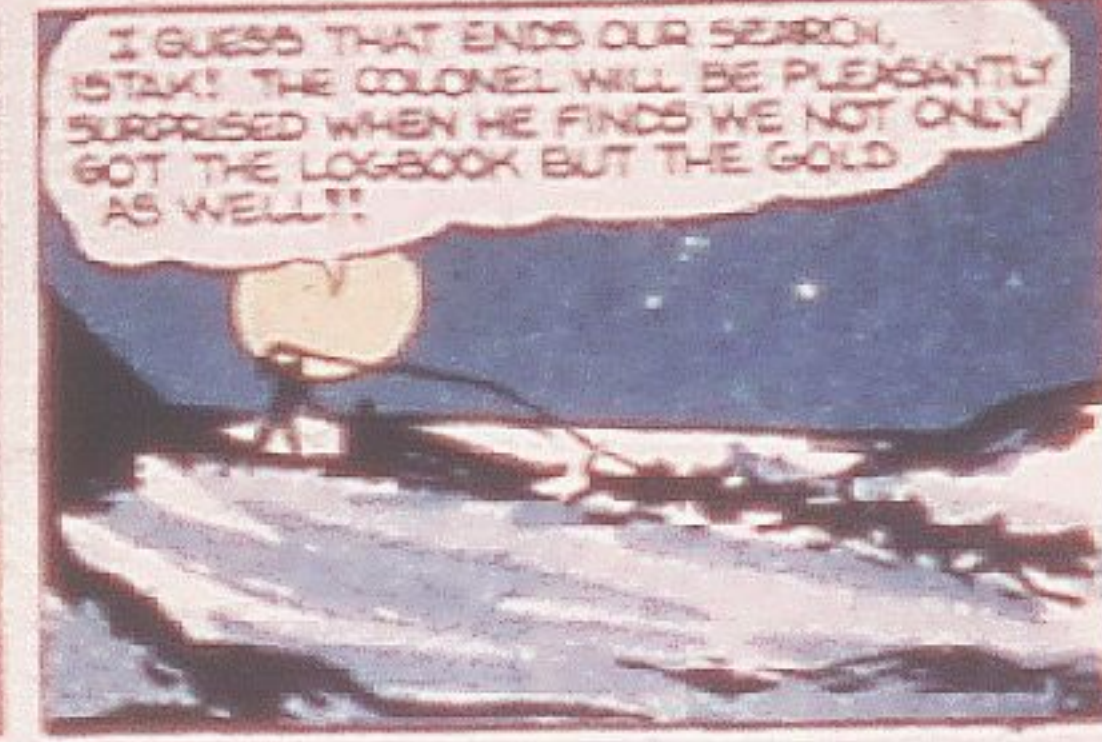


GOSH—WHAT A BLIZZARD! SEEMS LIKE BLACK JOHN'S TRAIL IS GONE, ISTAK!

UGH! TOO BAD! LOSE GOLD—LOOK!! THERE IN DEEP SNOW—A SLED!



WELL—THAT'S THE END OF BLACK JOHN—BURIED IN THE SNOW! COME ON, LET'S TRANSFER WHAT GOLD WE CAN FIND TO OUR SLED!



I GUESS THAT ENDS OUR SEARCH, ISTAK! THE COLONEL WILL BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED WHEN HE FINDS WE NOT ONLY GOT THE LOGBOOK BUT THE GOLD AS WELL!

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



AMERICAN COMMANDER
IN THE MEXICAN WAR
WON 5 BATTLES IN A
SINGLE DAY THOUGH HIS MEN
WERE OUTNUMBERED 3 TO 1...
- FEB. 20, 1847 -
HE DID NOT LOSE A SINGLE
BATTLE IN THE
ENTIRE WAR!

3-RELIGION CHURCH,
Fort Benning, Ga.
CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT
AND JEWISH SERVICES
ARE ALL HELD IN THIS
ONE BUILDING--
THE INTERIOR BEING
ALTERED TO FIT THE
DIFFERENT RITUALS



JOHN ENNIS WALKED
FROM NEW YORK CITY TO
SAN FRANCISCO IN 80 DAYS,
5 HOURS... -1910-



PEKINGESE DOGS
WERE BRED TO RESEMBLE
THE BUDDHISTIC LION--
AND WERE ONCE SO SACRED
IN CHINA THAT THE THEFT
OF ONE WAS PUNISHABLE
BY DEATH...



GREATEST
HITTING
IN HISTORY!

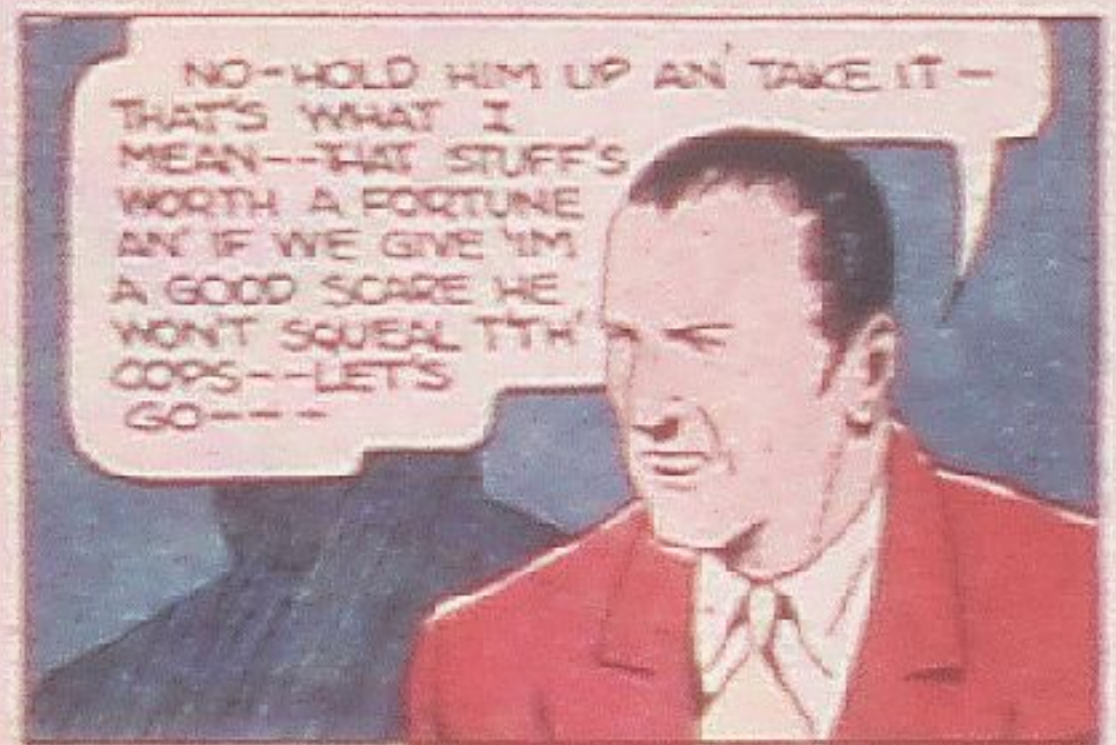
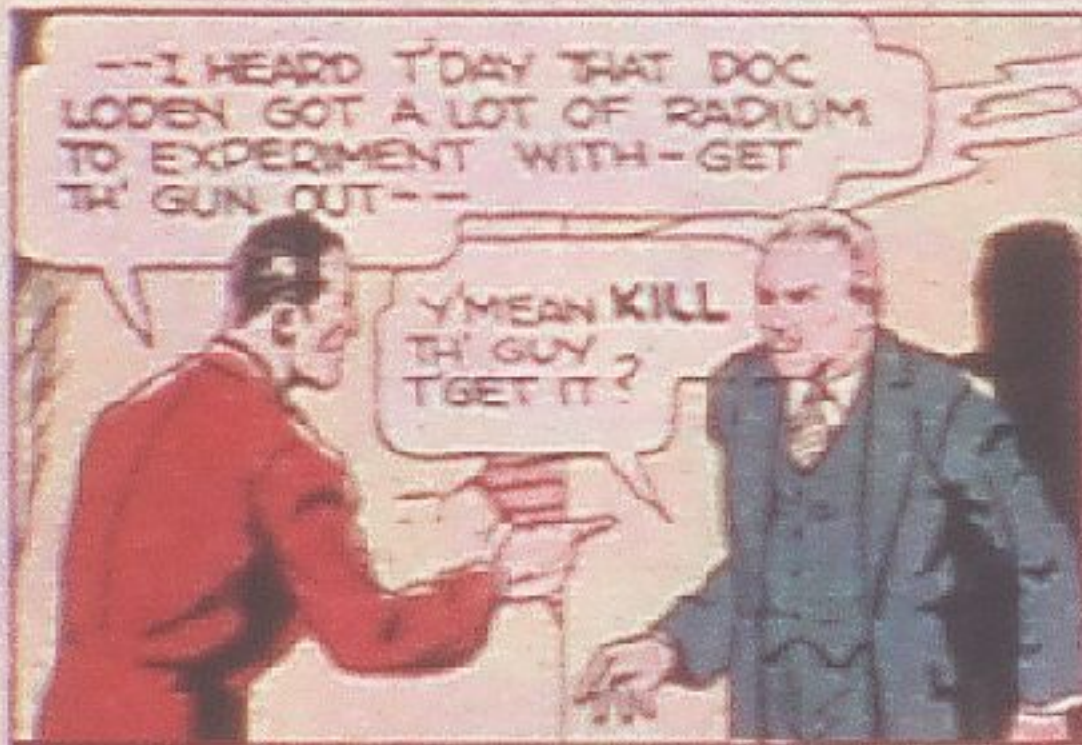
TRAILING CHICAGO
0-8, THE
PHILA. ATHLETICS
SCORED 10 RUNS
IN THE "LUCKY TH"
TO WIN THE 4TH
GAME OF THE
1929 WORLD SERIES

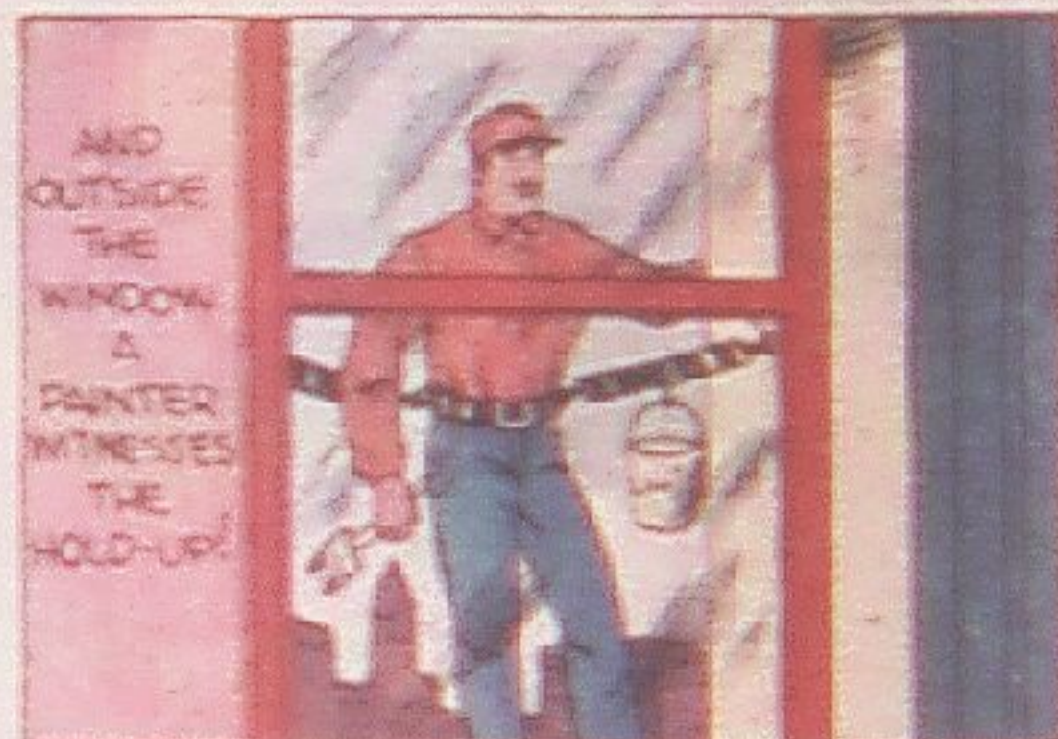


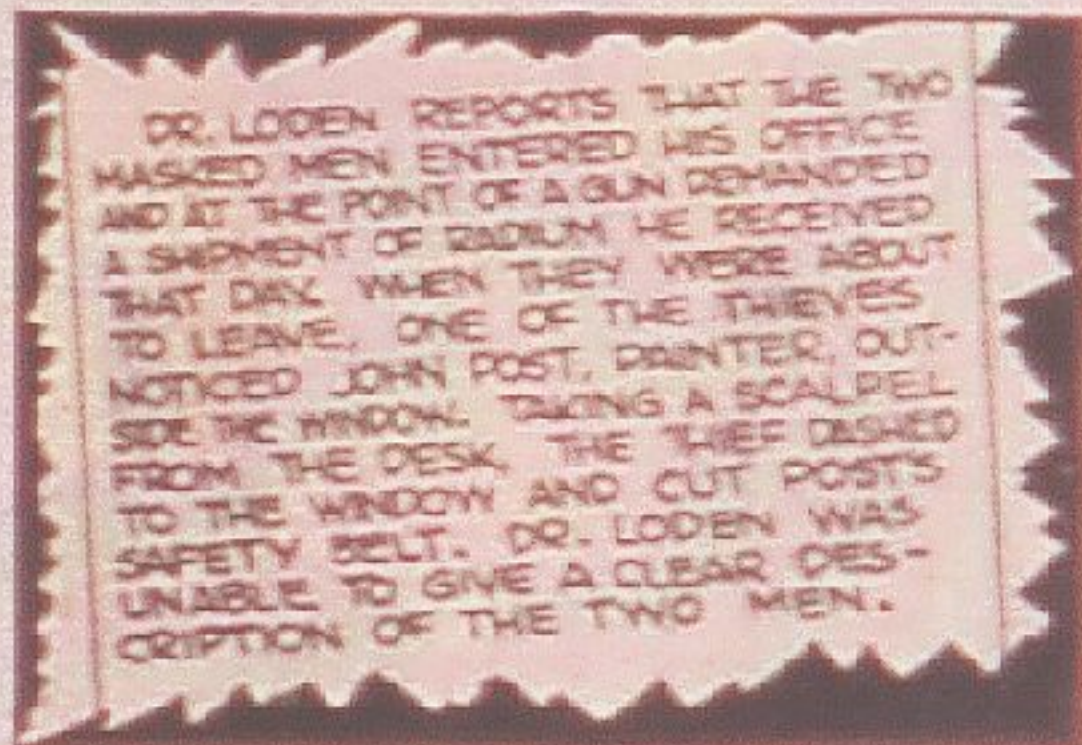
REAL
RED MEN

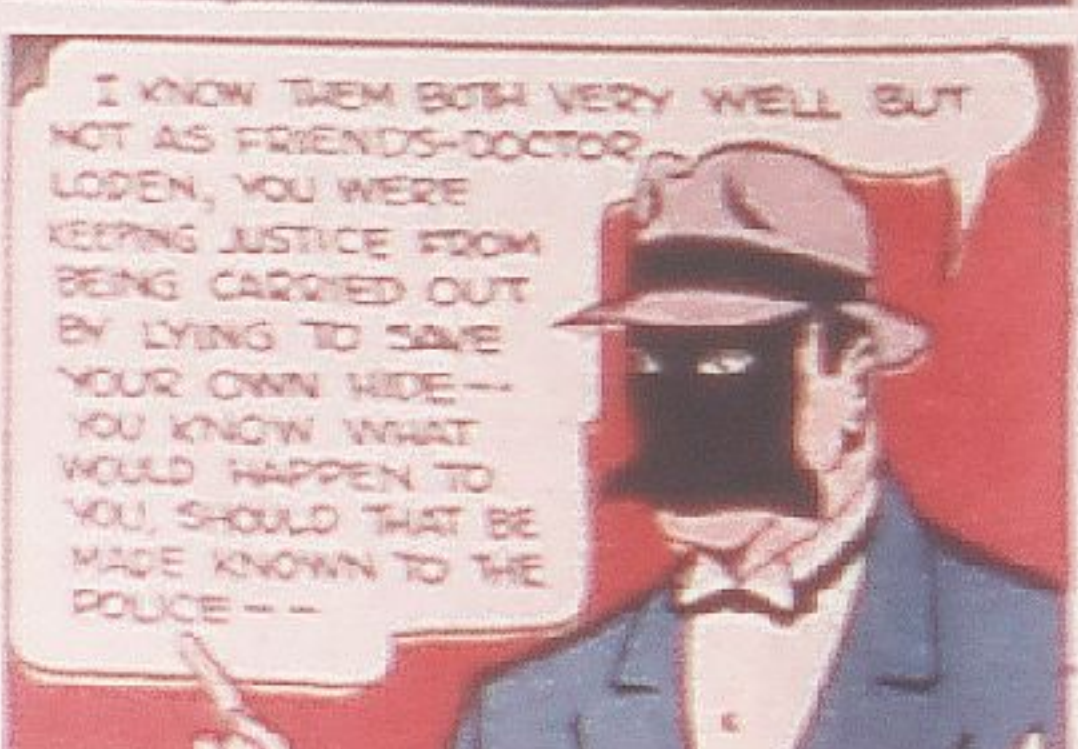
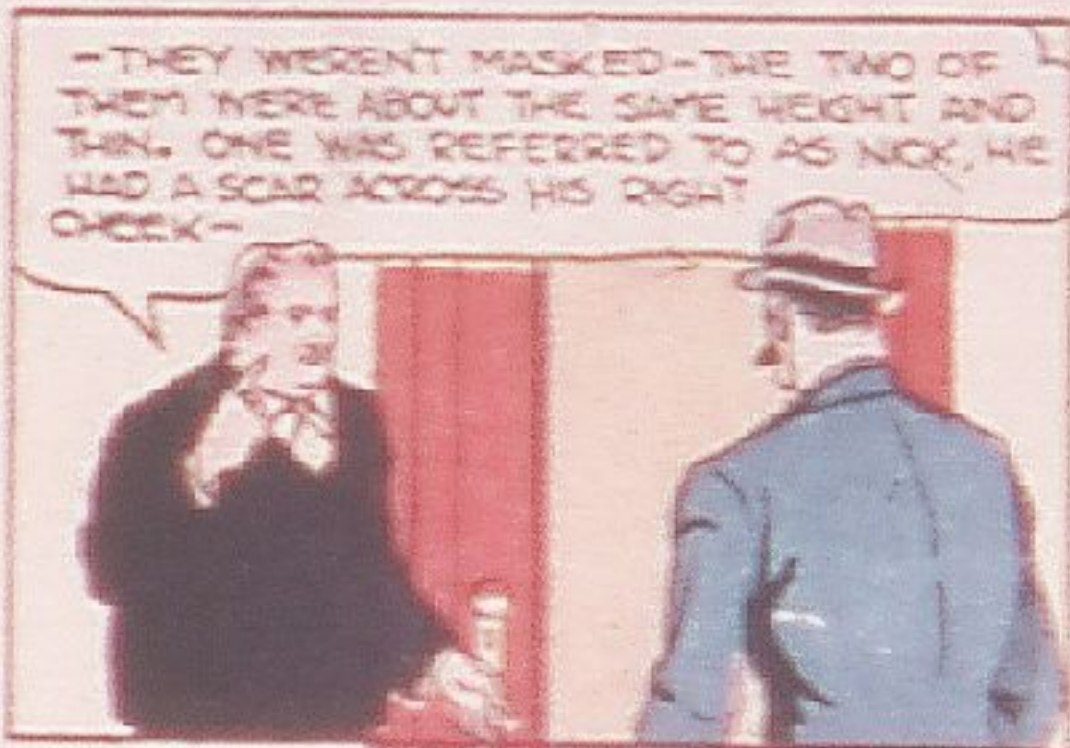
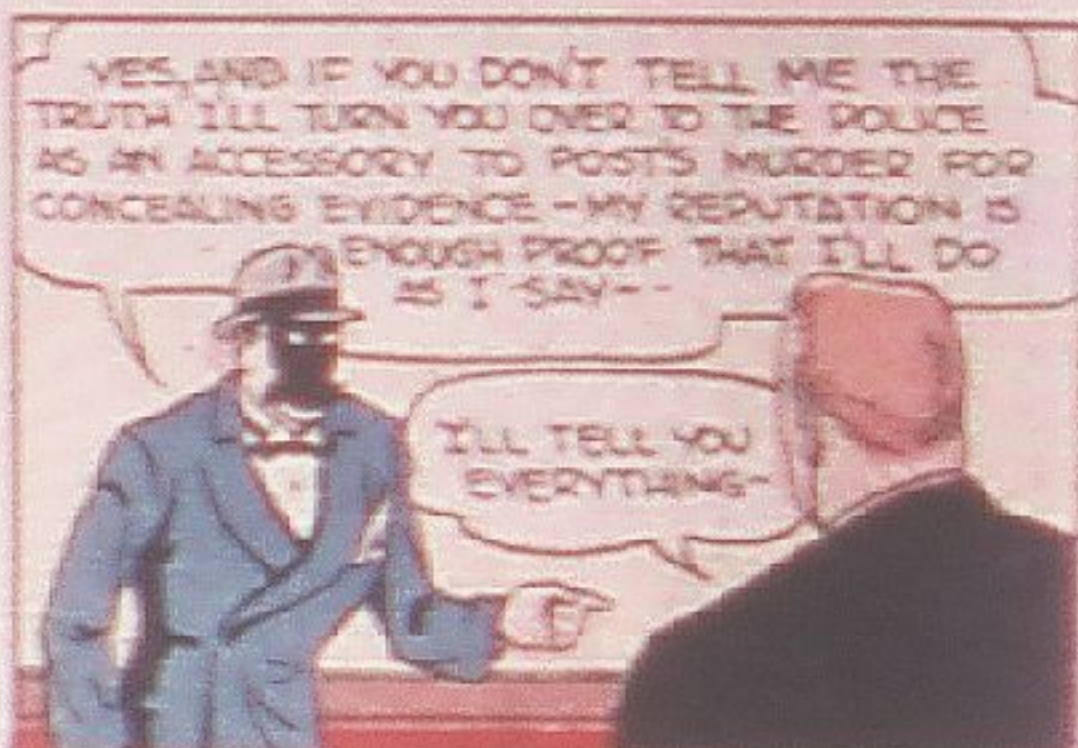
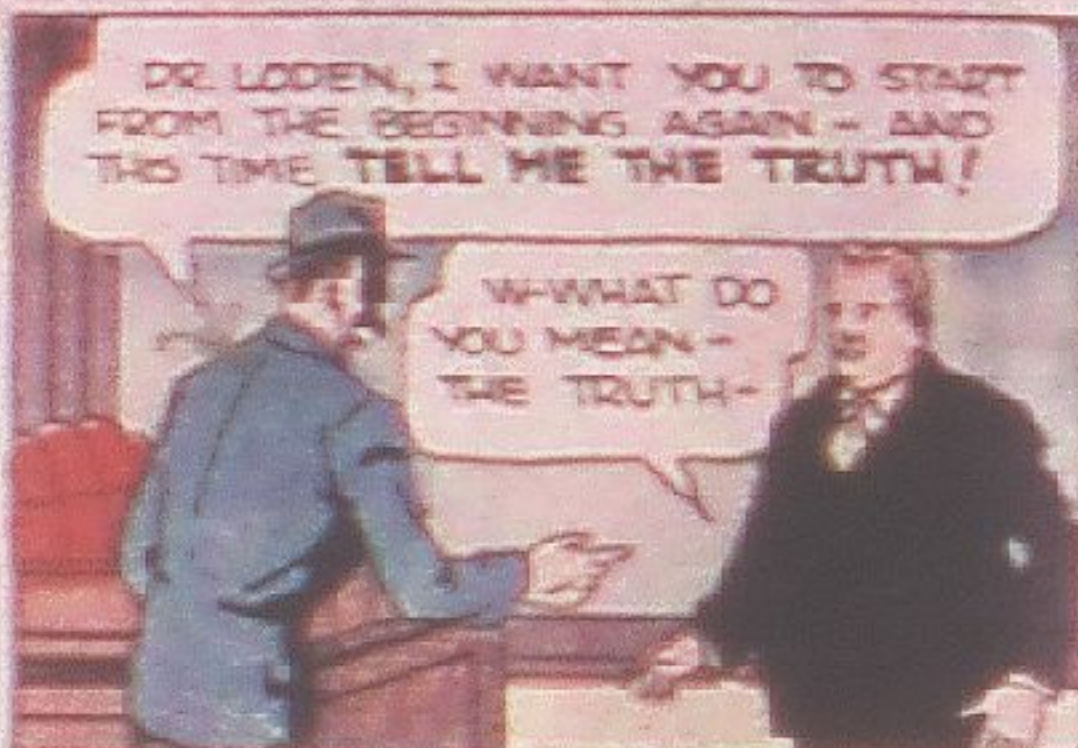
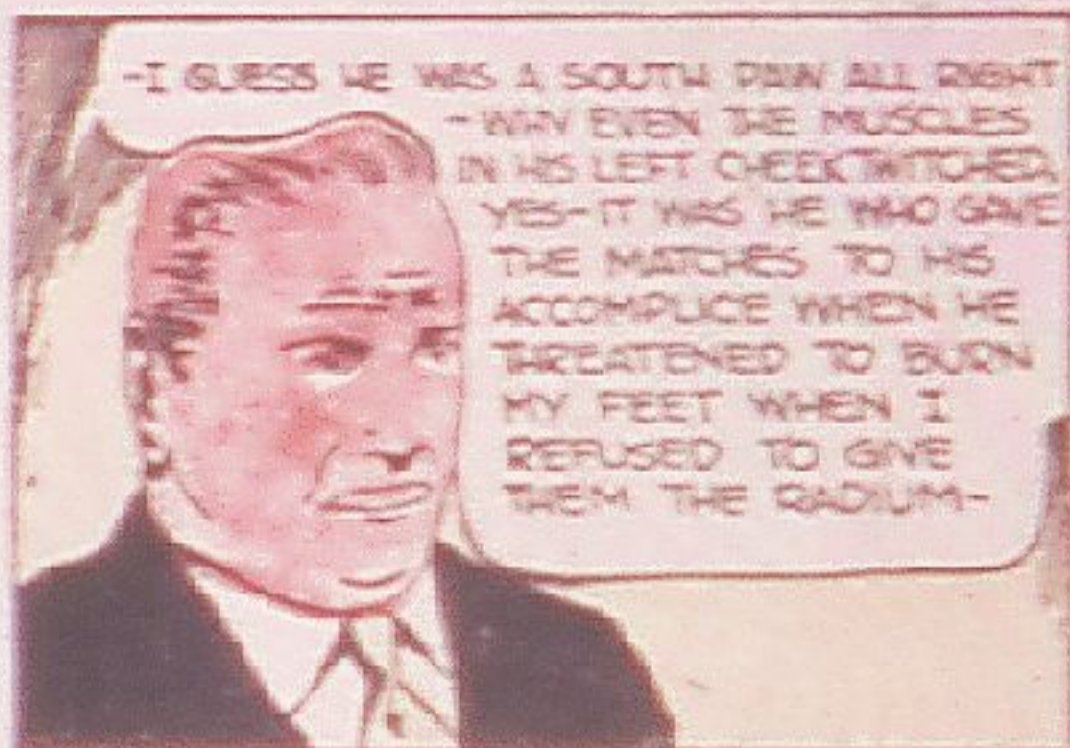
INDIANS OF THE COLORADO TRIBE,
EDUCATION ARE COLORED A BRILLIANT SCARLET
FROM HEAD TO TOE--PAINTING THEMSELVES
WITH AN INDELIBLE OYE FROM SEEDS--
(Vika orellana)...
ONCE A MIGHTY TRIBE NUMBERING THOUSANDS,
THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT 250 STILL LIVING

John Hix









"I MIGHT FORGET ALL ABOUT IT IF YOU WOULD SEND, SAY A \$1000 CHECK TO ANY CHARITY YOU DESIRE -"

"I'LL DO IT, MR. CLOCK -"

AND THE CLOCK IS OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TWO KILLERS' HIDE-OUT



THE CLOCK ENTERS THE ROOM OF NICK AND SLUG AND TAKES THEM BY SURPRISE

"IT'IM, SLUG! HE AINT GOT NO GUN -"

THE CLOCK!



"YOU TWO BIRDS ARENT ANY COMPETITION AT ALL -"

UGH!

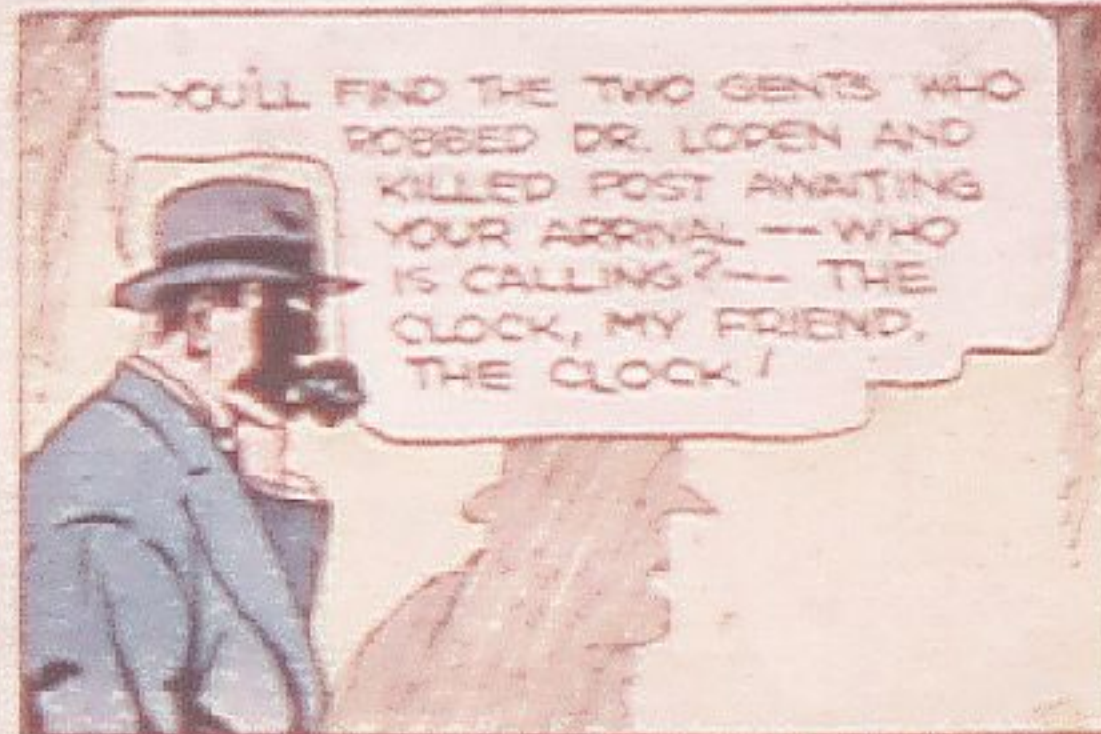
COME ON - GET UP AND GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO GO TO WORK ON YOU TWO IN EARNEST -



HELLO, CAPT. KANE - - - TROT A COUPLE OF YOUR BOYS OVER TO 133 NIXON STREET -

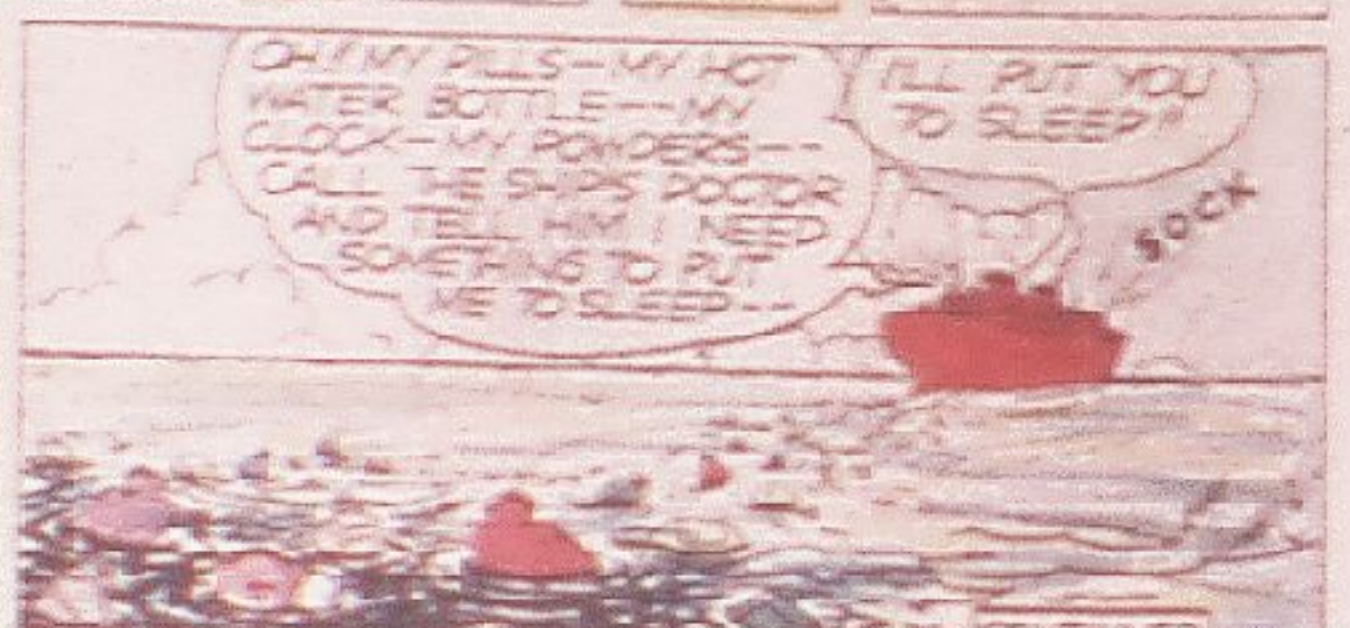
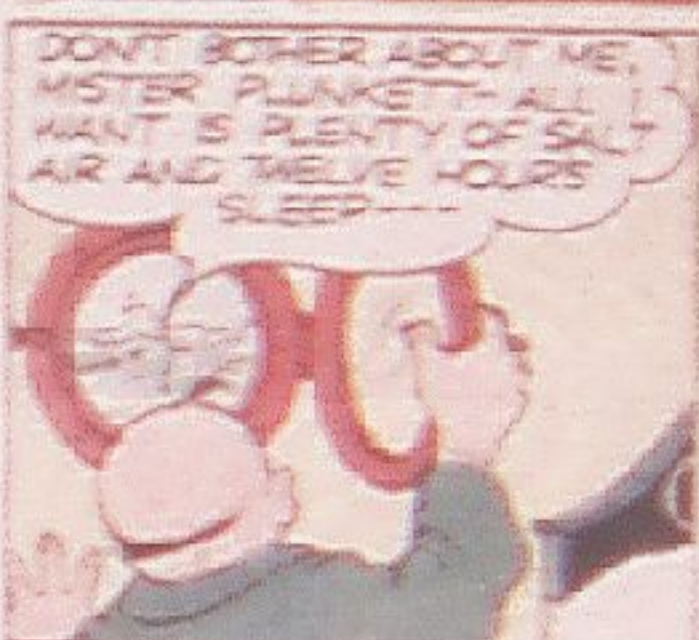
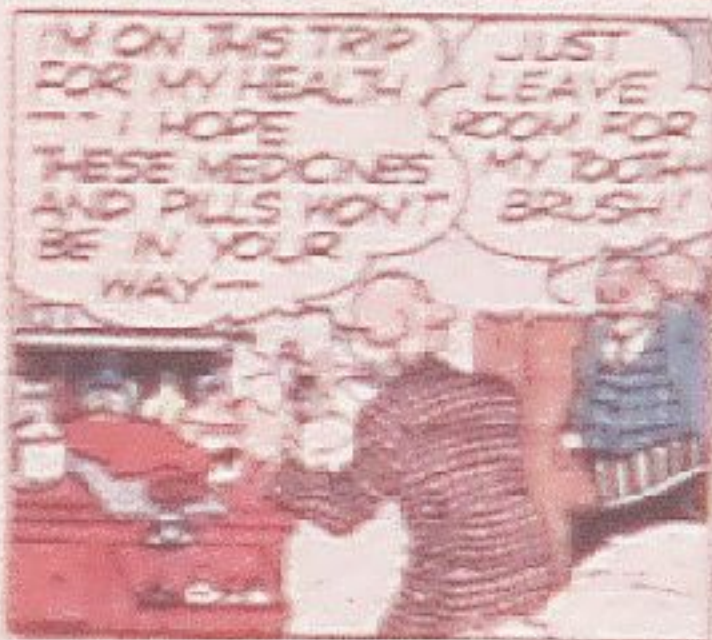
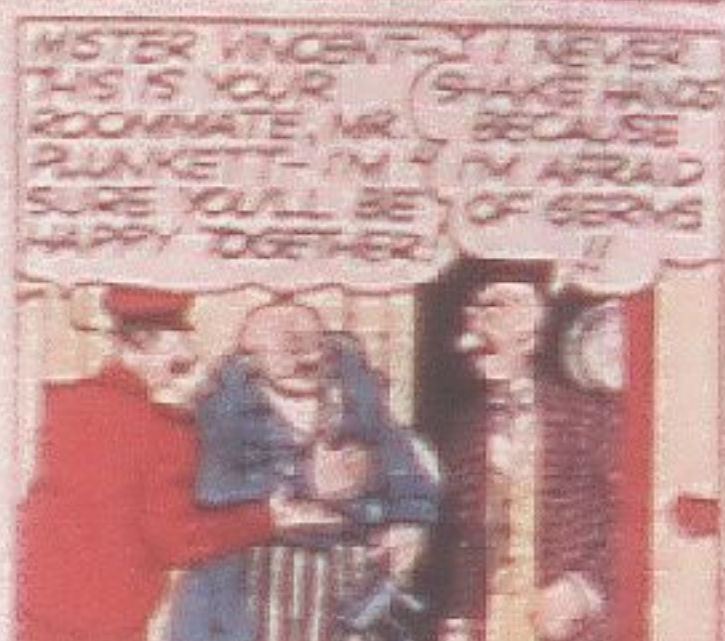


- YOU'LL FIND THE TWO GENTS WHO ROBBED DR. LOPEN AND KILLED POST AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL - WHO IS CALLING? - THE CLOCK, MY FRIEND, THE CLOCK!



LALA PALOOZA

THE GOLDEN AGE

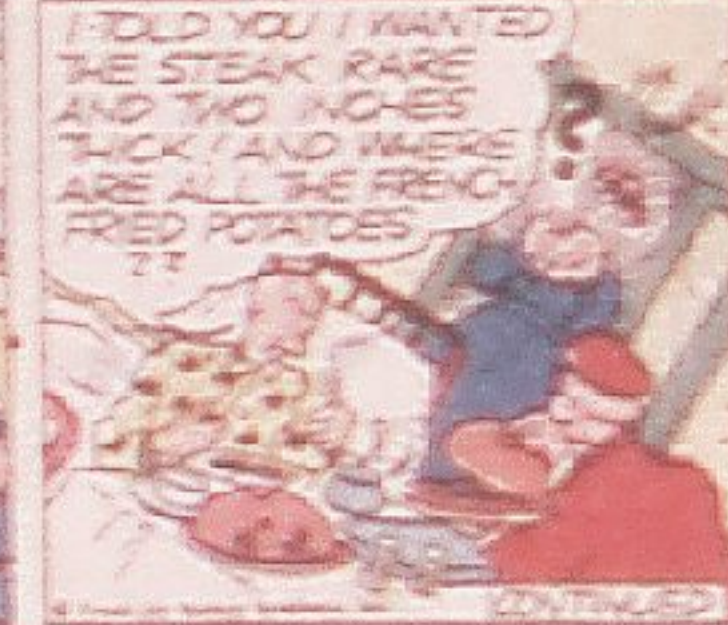
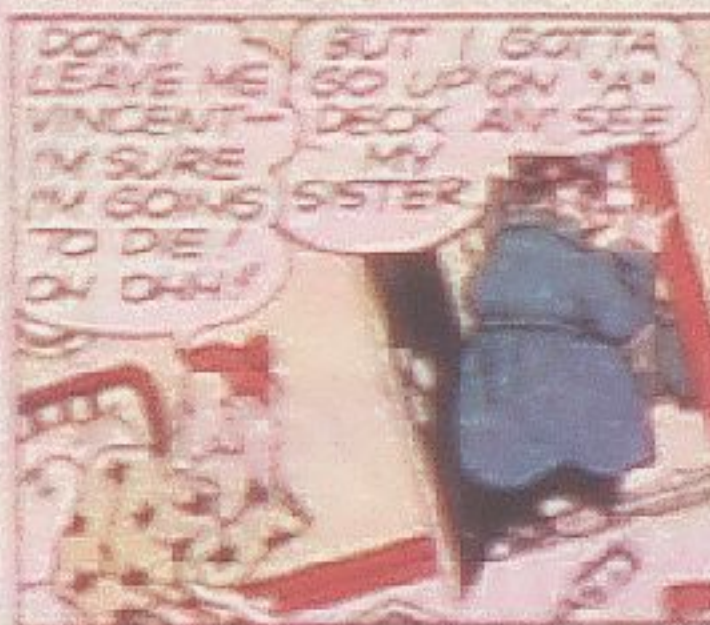
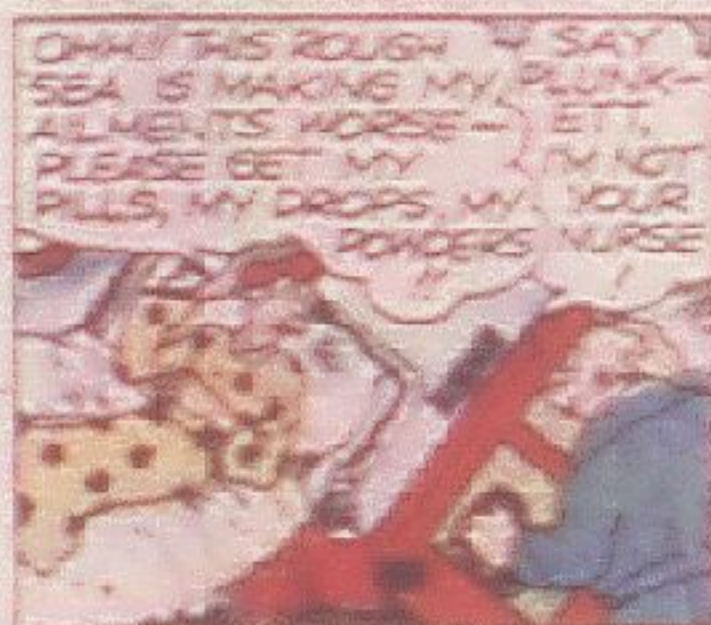


CONTINUED

LALA PALOOZA

by Rube Goldberg

MY WINDSHIELD
CLEANER NEVER
FAILS—WHEN
WEATHER'S FREEZ-
ING THE SEALS FINE
CLAP WITH JOY, PULLING
STRINGS REAL HARD AND
BAND LEADER POPS OUT
OF BOX—HITCH HIKER
WHO PLAYS CORNET BLOKS
HOT NOTES ON WINDSHIELD

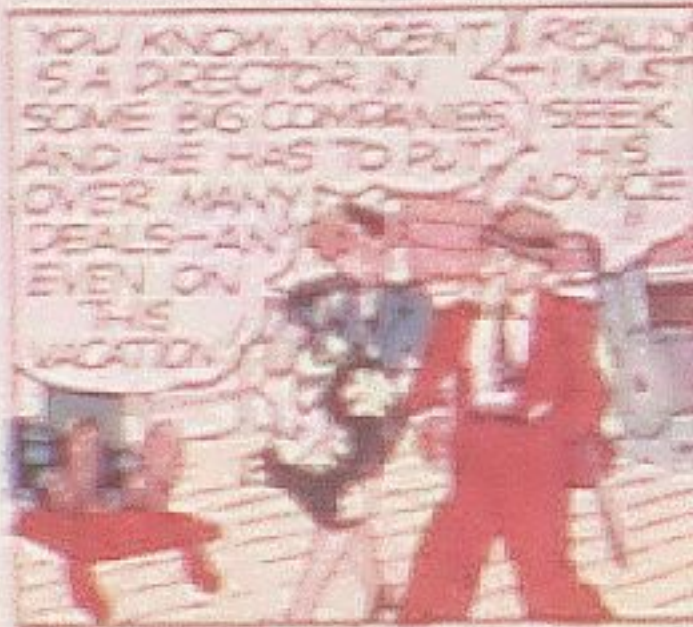
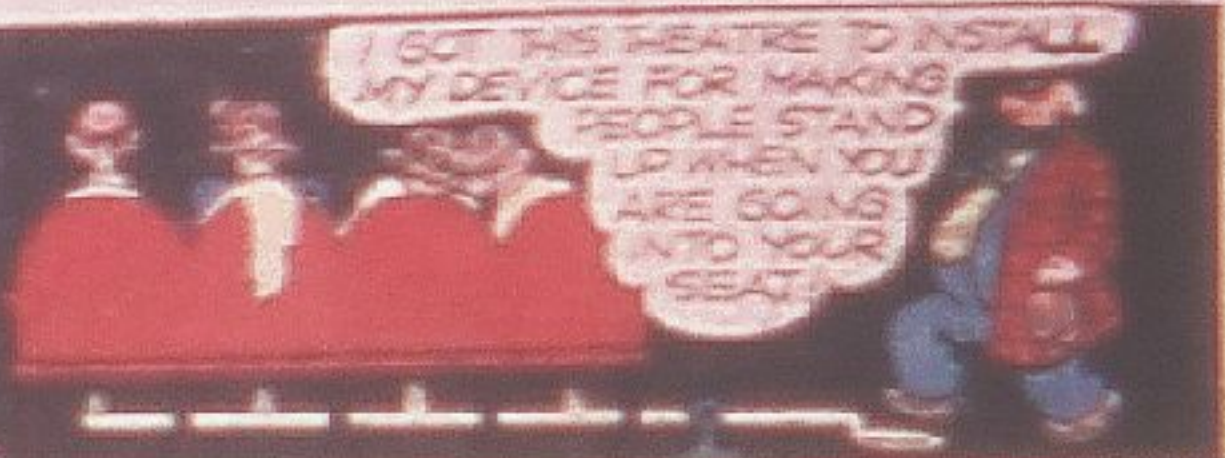


CONTINUED

LALA PALOOZA

by RUBE GOLDBERG

I GOT THIS THEATRE TO INSTALL MY DEVICE FOR MAKING PEOPLE STAND UP WHEN YOU ARE GOING INTO YOUR SEATING



LALA PALOOZA

SIS, DON'T FORGET WHILE YOU ARE A CLASSY MUCKY-MUCK, OUR GOOD OLD DAD DROVE A GARBAGE TRUCK--- MAMA DROPPED YOU ON YOUR BEAN, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!!

YOUR EYES ARE VERY PRODDY-- YOUR LIFE IS A LAZY GAME-- IN FACT YOU'RE A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING, BUT I LOVE YOU JUST THE SAME!!

HERE'S A RADIO MESSAGE FROM THE GIRLS, TELLING ME WHAT THEY WANT ME TO BUY THEM AT THIS PORT--

STEWARD, HAVE YOU SEEN MY BROTHER VINCENT ANYWHERE?

YES MAMMIE'S PLAYING A BIT OF SHUFFLE-BOARD OVER THERE

SURE, I KNOW ALL THE HOLLYWOOD BIG SHOTS. I'LL GET YOU IN THE MOVIES

COME ON, VINCENT-- WE'RE GOING ASHORE!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME CARRY MY PACKAGES

AW SIS-- I CAME ON THIS TRIP FOR A REST

DOROTHY WILL LOVE THESE BEADS-- I THINK I'LL GET A STRING FOR MYSELF TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIS-- GET THINGS THAT ARE EASY TO CARRY!!

THEY'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA IN THIS COUNTRY-- THE WOMEN DO ALL THE WORK!

MAMIE WANTS TWO DOZEN OF COLORED NAPKINS!

THIS WOULDN'T BE A BAD PLACE TO LIVE!

WELL, VINCENT-- I'M GLAD YOU'VE STOPPED COMPLAINING!!

I'LL TAKE SIX OF THOSE-- AN EIGHT OF THOSE-- AN FOUR OF--

AND I MUST BUY SOME POTTERY HERE FOR LIL

SIS SENOR!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



Phi
Kappa

FOUNDED BY DENNIS J. HOLLAND AND
NINE OTHER MEN AT NOTRE DAME COLLEGE,
BROWN UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER 1889. THE
NAME, PHI KAPPA SIGMA, MEANS BROTHERHOOD
OF CATHOLIC STUDENTS AND MEN—AT NOTRE DAME.

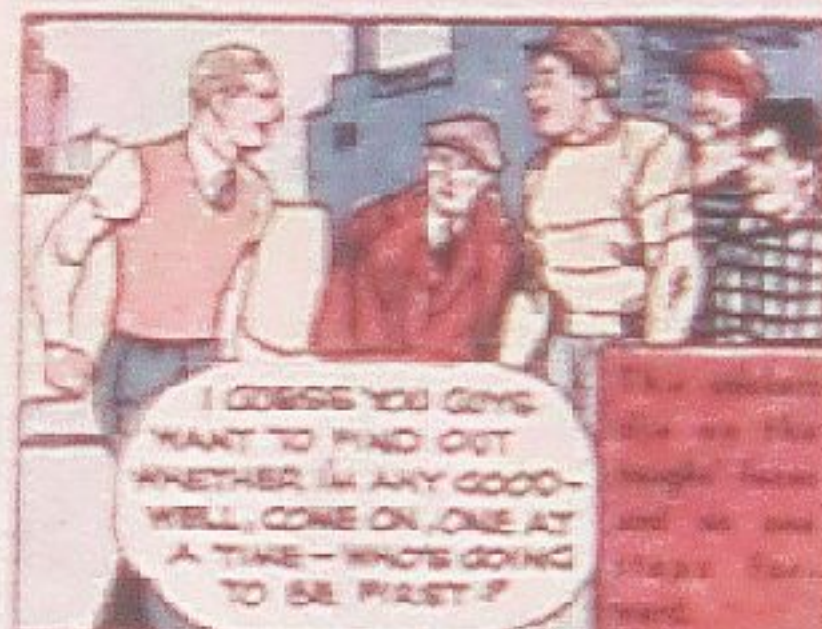


COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



DL
P
PH

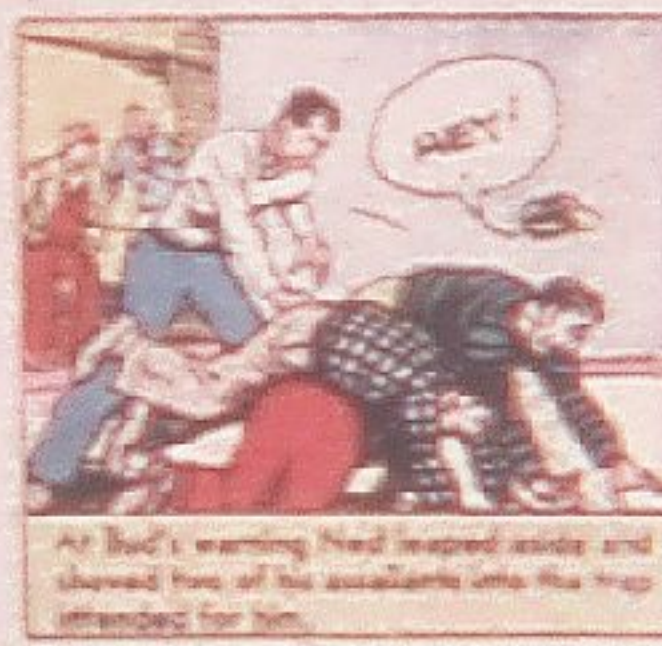
FOUNDED: FIRST UNDERGRADUATE CHAPTER
AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, EVANSTON,
ILLINOIS, JUNE 8, 1893. EVANSTON, ILLINOIS
FREDERICK L. GRAY, EDUCATOR, EDUCATOR, EDUCATOR
MAN, ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND EDUCATOR



DELTA
ALPHA
PI

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...

FOUNDED: AT OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
NOVEMBER 22, 1919, BY SIXTEEN STUDENTS.
THE FOUNDERS' PURPOSE WAS TO ESTABLISH
A TYPE OF FRATERNITY BASED
ON CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.



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Enclosed is my dollar. Mail me **FEATURE FUNNIES** every month for one year.

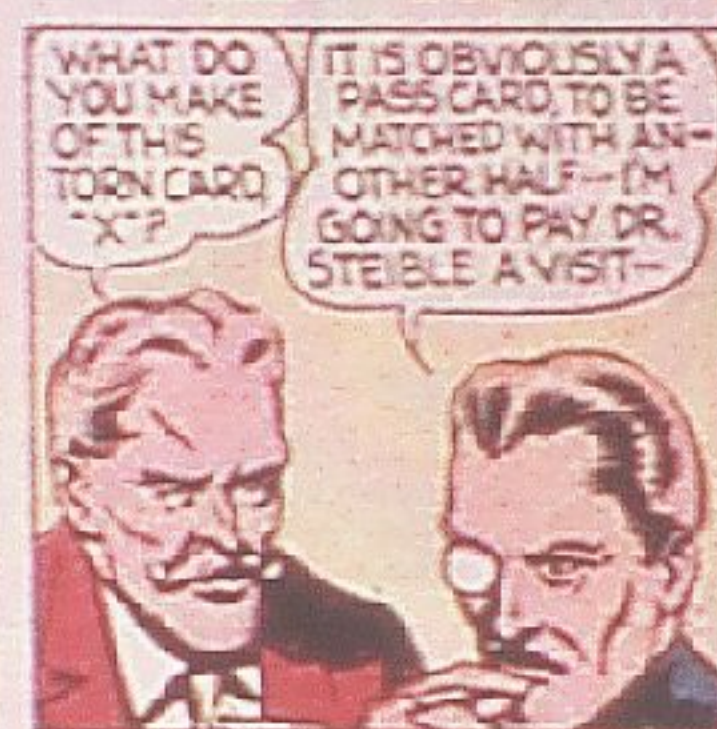
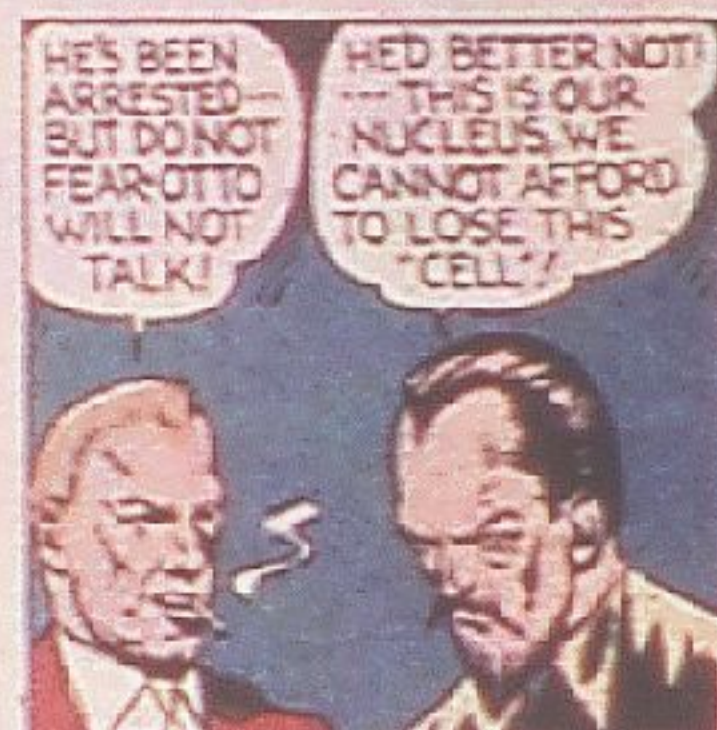
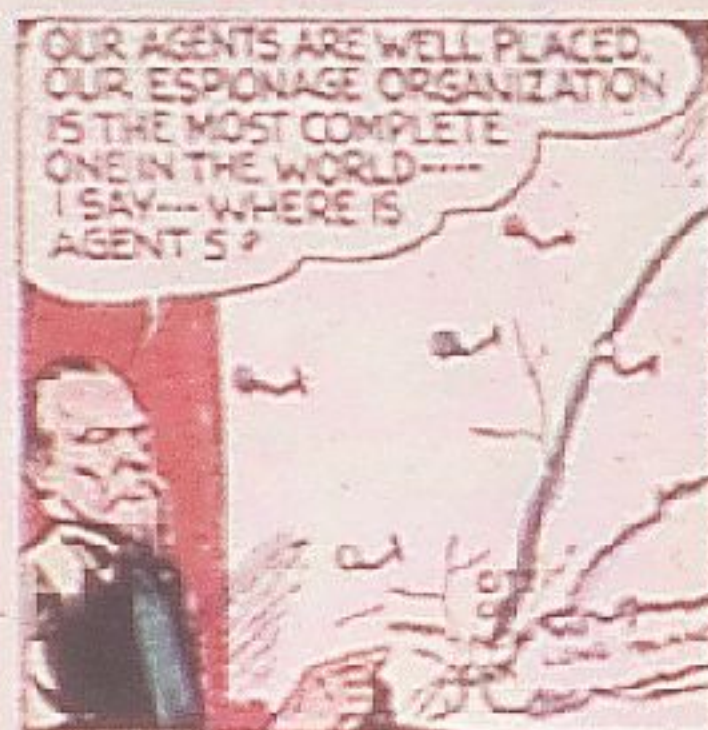
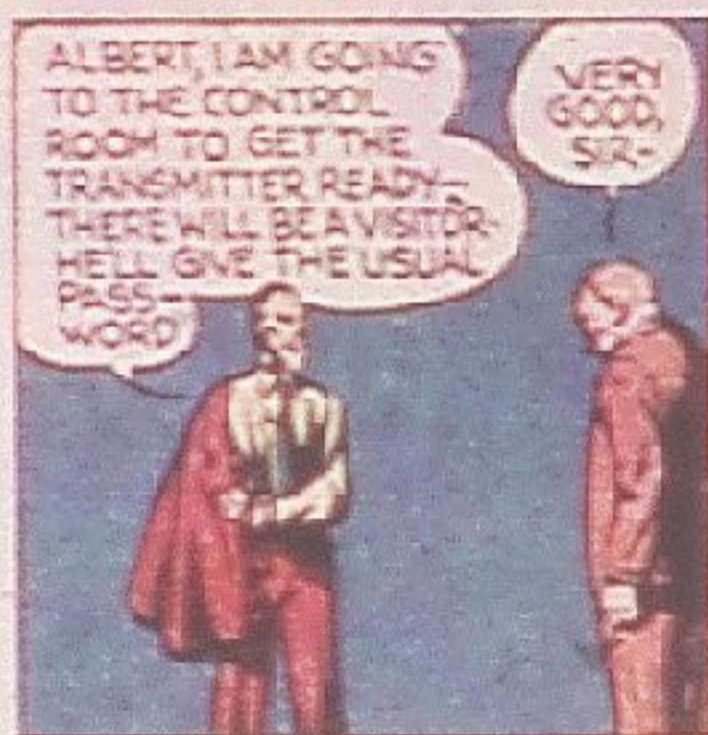
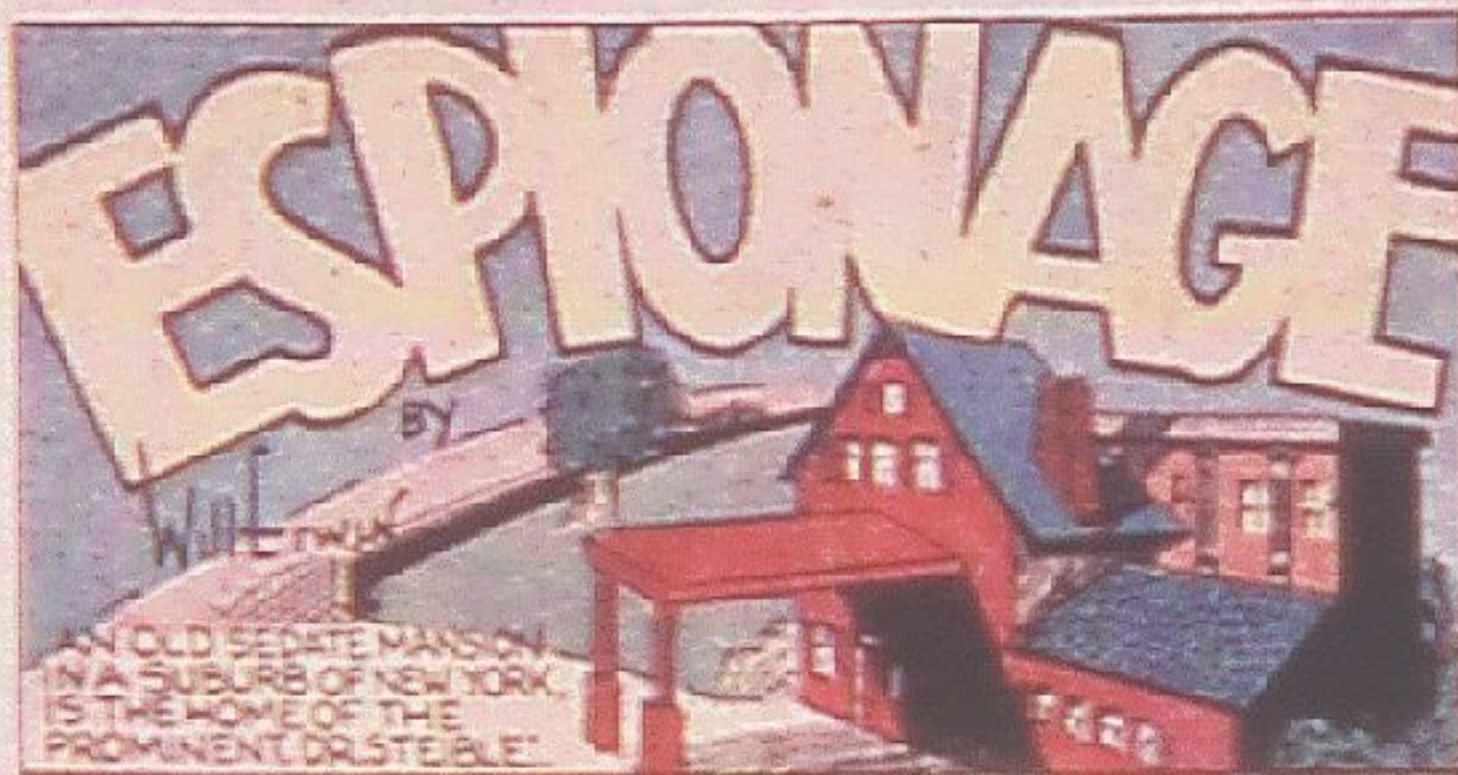
Name _____

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Canada and
Foreign \$2.50

Ned Brant is continued in the March issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale February 1st.

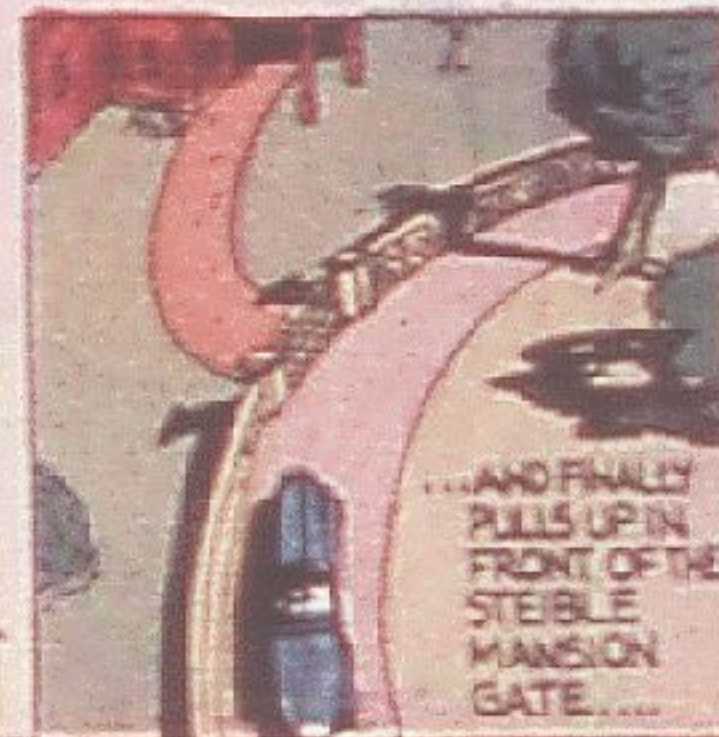
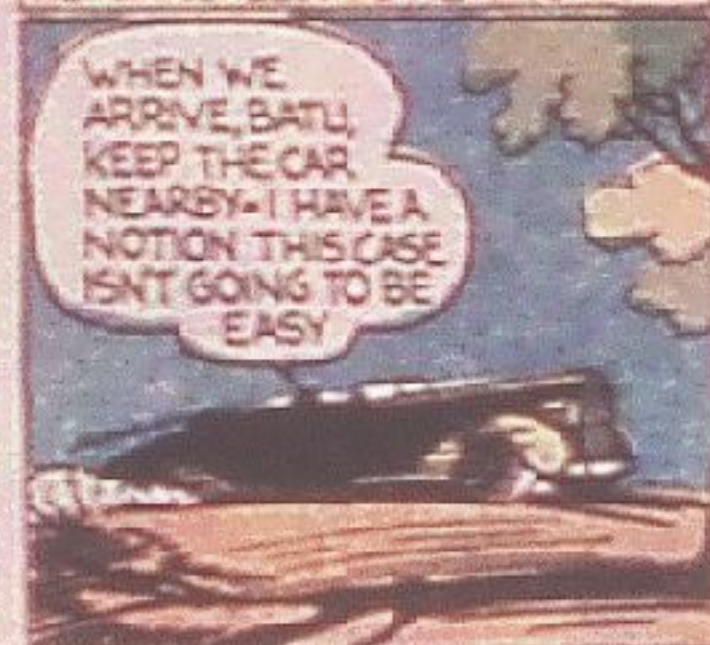




AT HOME THE "BLACK X" PREPARES FOR AN EXPEDITION TO DOCTOR STEIBLE'S HOME.....



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE "BLACK X'S" CAR SPEEDS TO NEW YORK....

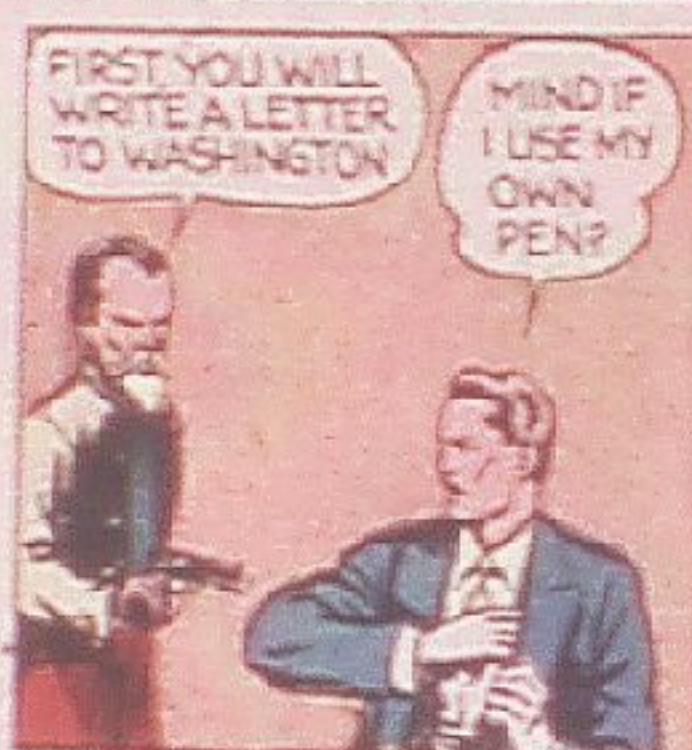
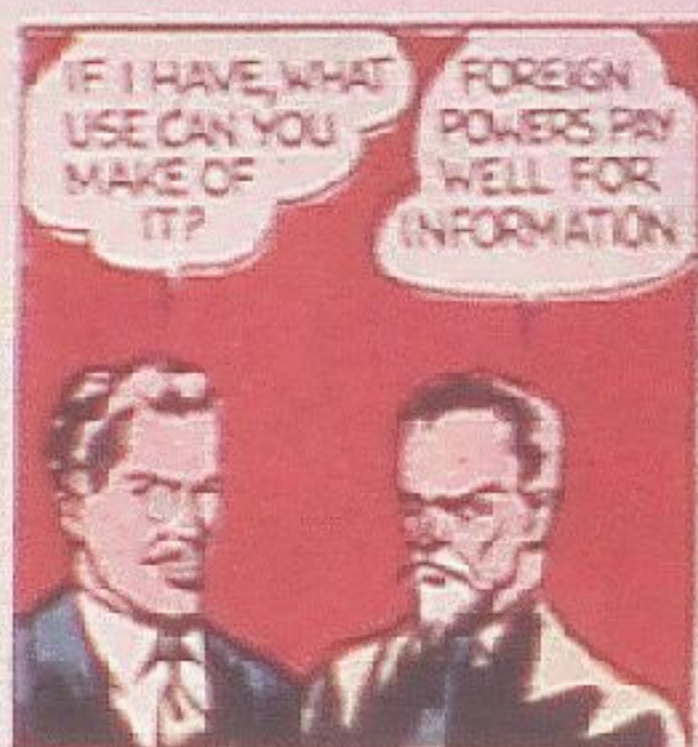


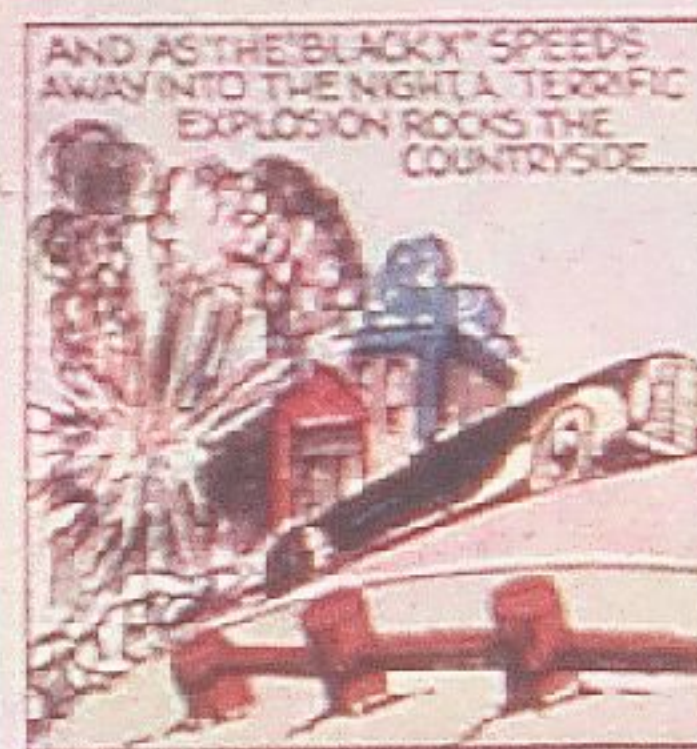
THE BUTLER PRODUCES THE OTHER HALF OF THE FORM CARD - THEY MATCH PERFECTLY



UPSTAIRS TO THE LEFT, DR. STEIBLE IS IN HIS STUDY







OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

"HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT EVER SINCE THOSE MISSIONARIES PASSED!"



"SHUCKS! THEY EAT MY BAIT AN' USE MY HOOK AS A TOOTHPICK!"



"YA'D THINK THAT MAMA COULD FORGET THAT THIS IS 'BATU NIGHT'!"



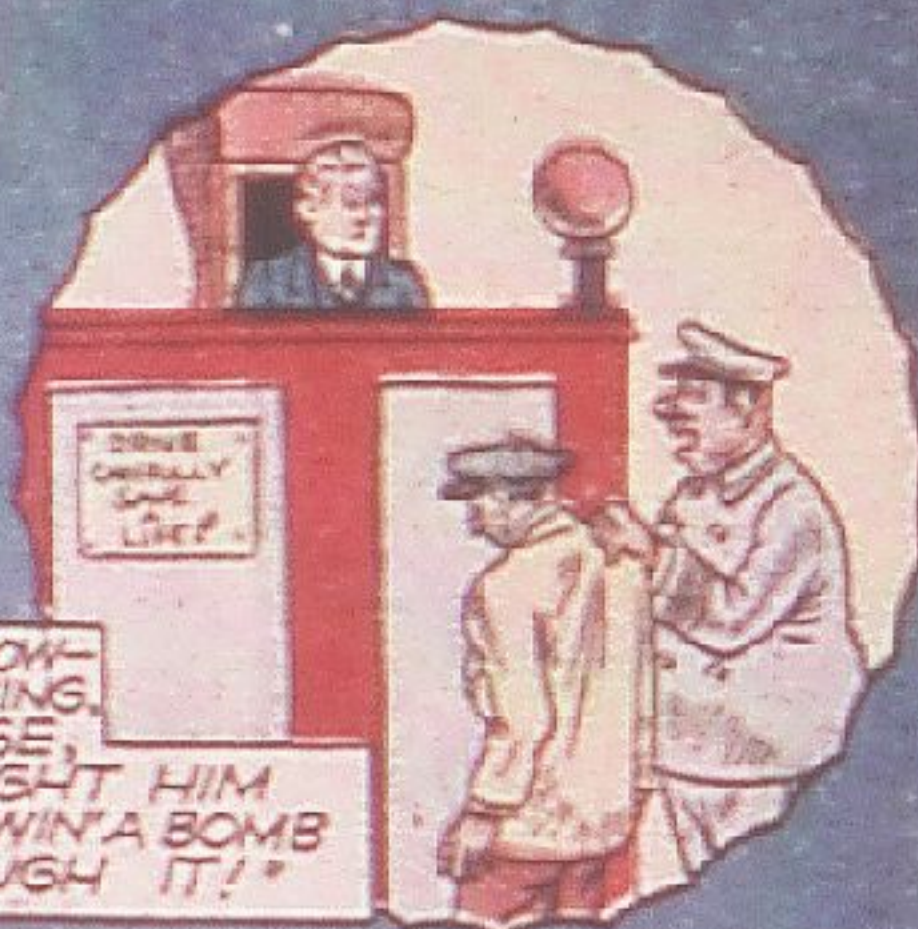
"WE'RE DOOMED!! RED JUST SAID THAT HE WANTED TO MAKE A 'DEAL' WITH OUR DRIVER!"



"NO, NO, JUNIOR-- THIS WAY DEAR, MAMA'S OVER HERE!!"

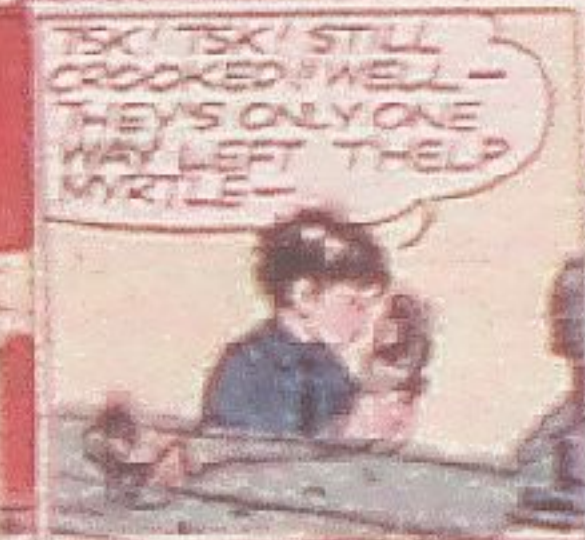
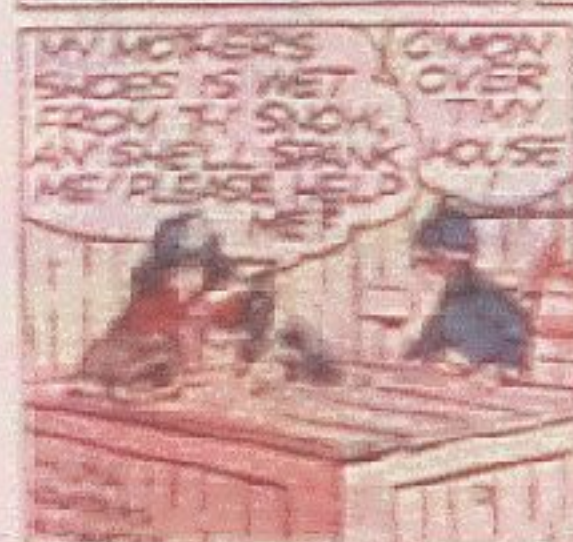


"WINDOW-BREAKING, JUDGE, I CAUGHT HIM THROWIN' A BOMB THROUGH IT!"



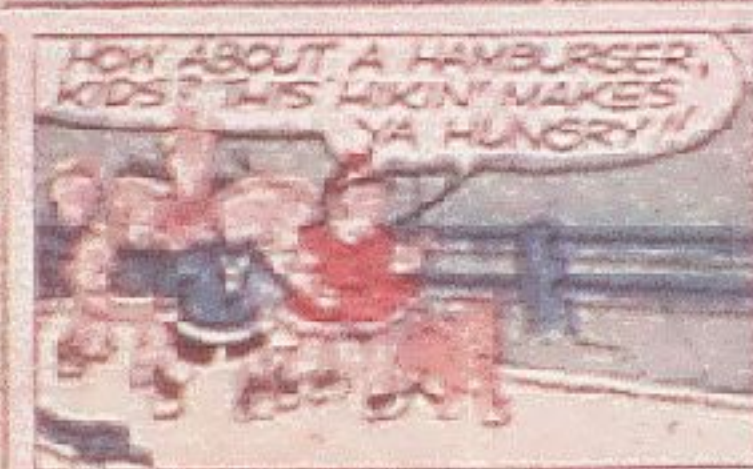
TODDY

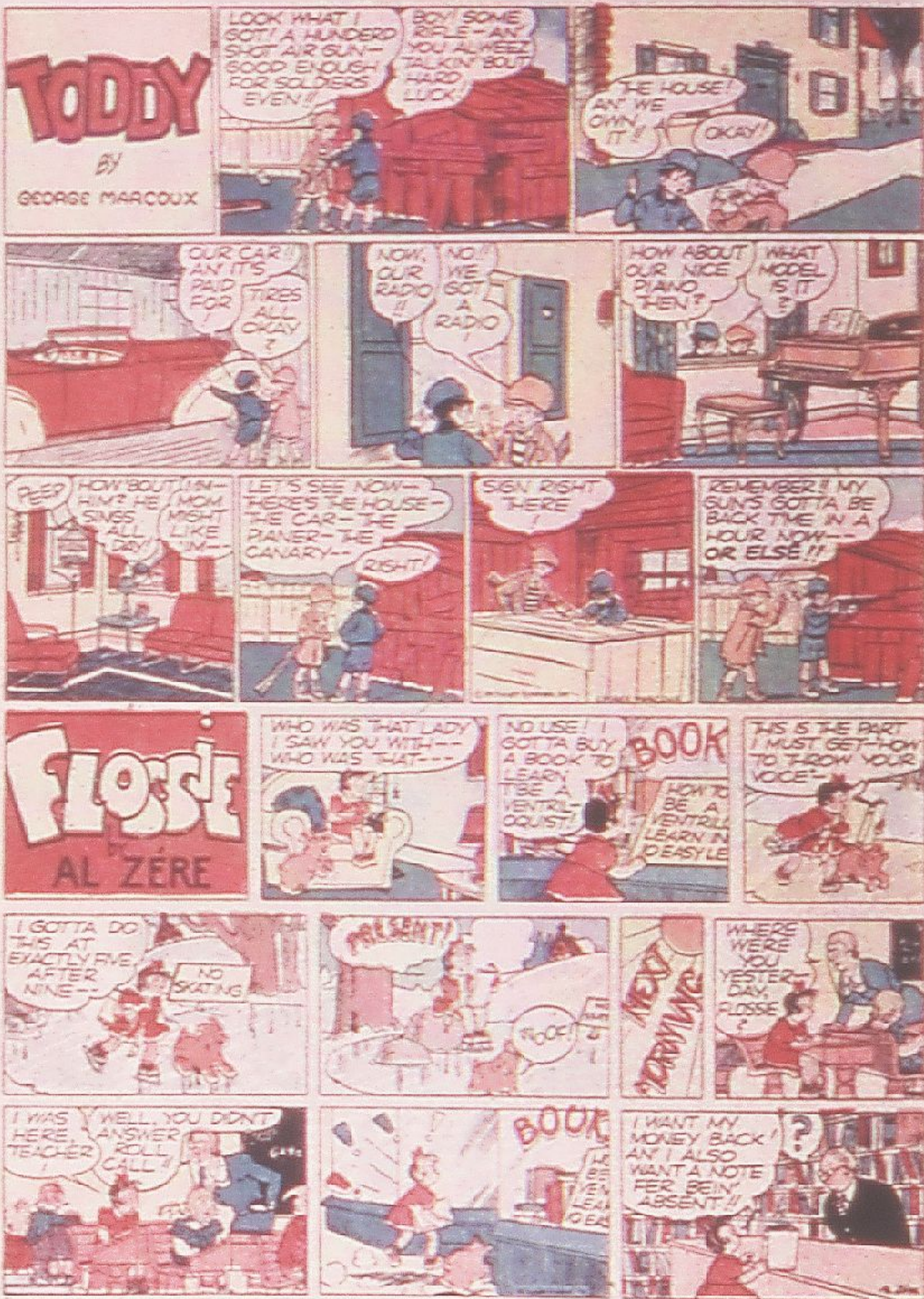
BY GEORGE MARCOW



Louie

BY AL ZERE





More adventures of Toddy in the March issue—on sale February 1st.

Gallant Knight

by
VERNON HENKEL

SYNOPSIS:

STEALING HIS WAY INTO THE GRIM CASTLE OF THE BLACK BARON, SIR NEVILLE SOUGHT TO RESCUE THE IMPRISONED YOUTH WHOSE PARENTS WERE RUTHLESSLY SLAIN BY THE BARON'S SOLDIERS. A DESPERATE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM ENDED WHEN A TRAPDOOR HURLED THE ESCAPING PAIR INTO A PIT AND THEY WERE GREETED BY THE GAPING JAWS OF A GREAT BLACK PANTHER.



AS THE PANTHER SPRANG FOR THE KILL, SIR NEVILLE TRIED TO LEAP OUT OF ITS PATH, BUT--



--THE SWIFT IMPACT OF THE PLUNGING BEAST THREW HIM BACK! THE GREAT CAT CLAWED FOR NEVILLE'S THROAT!

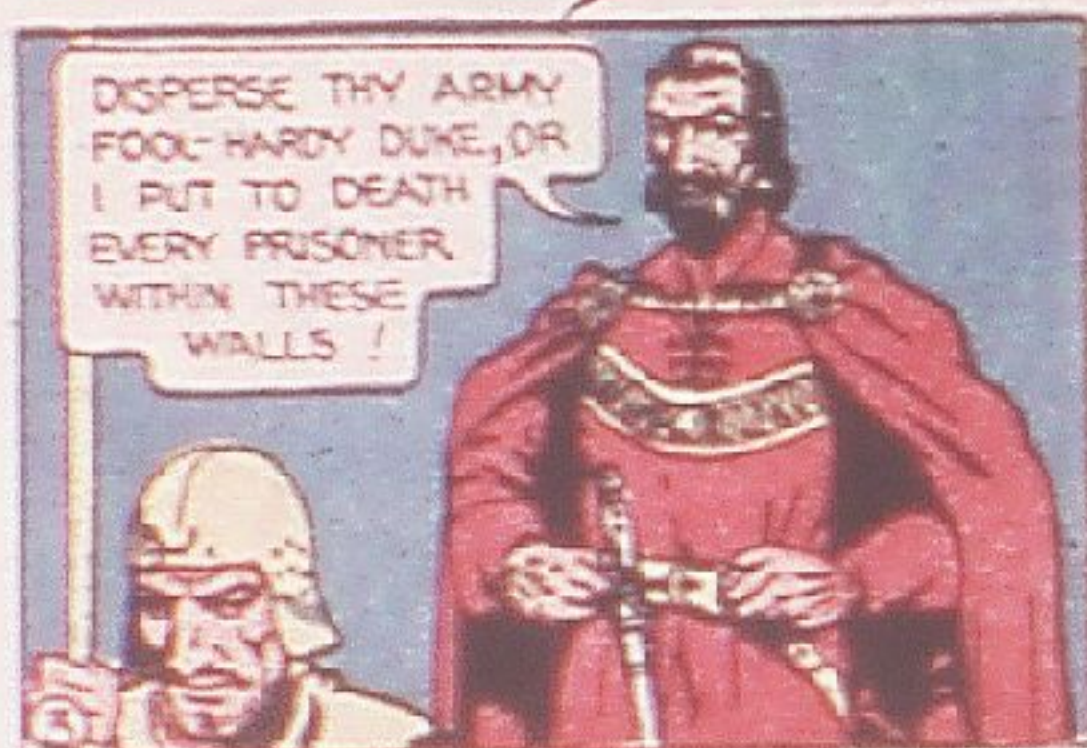


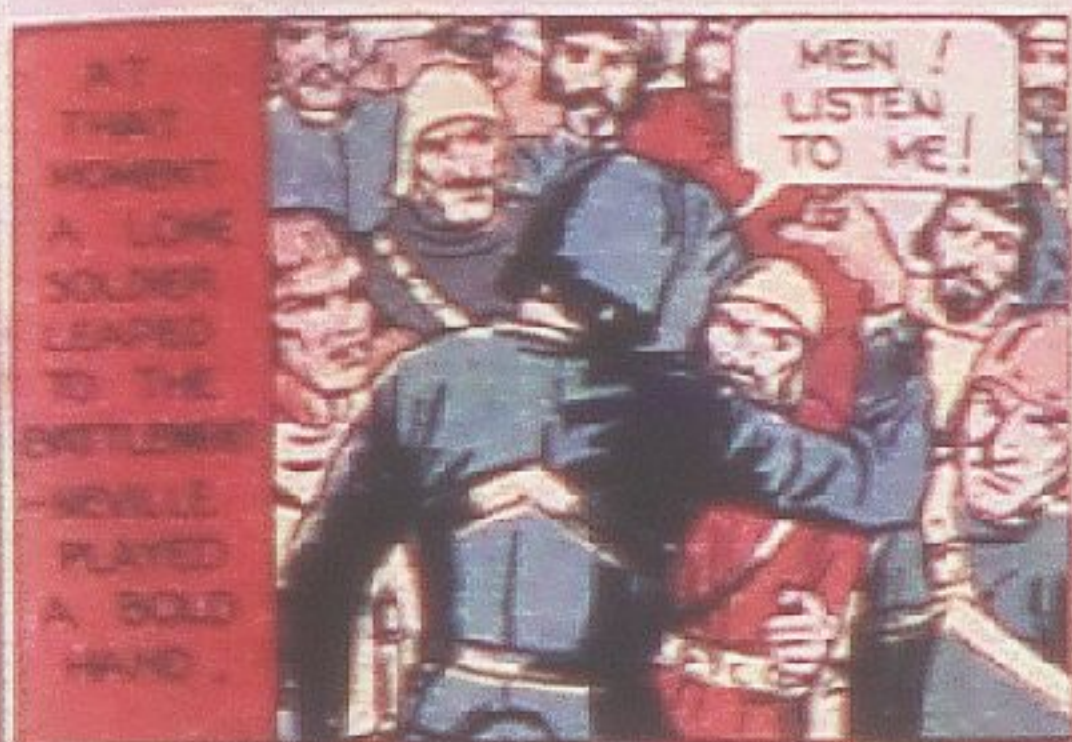
THE SWIRL OF TALONS MINOLED WITH THE FLASH OF KNIFE AS --



--AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLADE FLASHED AND CRIMSONED WITH THE BEAST'S BLOOD.







THE BARBARIAN . . . By Robert M. Hyatt

A tale of Sybaris and Macedon in the year 507.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

Time for the Great Games of Hellas was drawing nigh. This annual athletic event, most important in all the world, fell during the Month of Fire, in late autumn. It was always an occasion for much revelry and feasting, and neither war nor pestilence interfered. Hellas loved her sports and all Sybaris would be at the stadium on the opening day, though its populace had to crawl on hands and knees.

For a month previous, the city had been filling with visitors. They were of many races and, even as in similar events today, many of them came for sinister purposes. Drunkenness and thievery were rampant, and crime stalked through the streets at night, unbridled.

Hard work had given Shan-lo, naturally athletic, a hard body. For many weeks he had practiced weight throwing, running, and wielding the sword and javelin against imaginary antagonists. This he did for a specific reason, which he confided to Golah one evening, a few days before the games opened.

"Thou must get me entered in the lists," he told the big, black-bearded man.

"Get thee entered!" exclaimed Golah in amazement. "But lad, thou art—"

"Thy bondsman," interrupted Shan-lo. "And as such am entitled to be entered as thy representative."

Golah grinned. "As thou wilt, Shan-lo. I shall give thy name in this very day. But—thy reason for this foolhardy idea?"

"Not foolhardy," Shan-lo defended. "If I gain my freedom I can then go seek out my father. Thou canst devote time to his rescue, I must gain my freedom, Golah! And look thou." The youth stuck out his arm, bulging with muscles. "Am I not quite fit to do battle with their best?"

Golah muttered in his beard, but his dark eyes glowed. He loved this boy. "Wouldst that every member of the Noble Cult had thy spirit!" he lauded.

Sybaris was wild with excitement the opening day of the games. Banners and flags floated from every housetop. The populace yelled and shouted and danced in the streets, and wagered vast sums on their favorites. And by the time the sun was two hours high, the city of wickedness was deserted, for everyone had gone to the huge stadium a mile away.

From the contestants' quarters below the tiers of seats, on a level with the arena, Shan-lo watched the colorful throngs. The king's royal box held a thousand. It was a gala spectacle of riotous color and flashing gems.

The first few events were unimportant, mere preliminary affairs calculated to whip the spectators into the proper mood for the attractions to follow. The third was a footrace around the arena, which was approximately a half mile. Shan-lo was entered in this event, against a field of a dozen runners.

He was the only "Asiatic" in the lists, and as such had found a barrier of hatred thrown up between himself and the other contestants. They despised the yellow race. And, Shan-lo reasoned, they would not be above trickery when pitted against him. He would have to be on his guard.

At the first blast of the trumpet, the runners took their places at the starting line. Then they were off! Several of these men, professional sprinters from Phoenecia, shot ahead and grouped, in an effort to shut the others out. Shan-lo, conserving his strength, let the field draw away, but gradually he closed ground on the extreme outside. At the three-quarter marker, only a few paces separated them.

The crowds cheered madly, but through their cries could be heard shouts of "Beat the barbarian!" "Don't let the yellow devil win!"

Shan-lo began stretching. Slowly the gap narrowed. Now he was running abreast of the line. Fifty paces from the finish, he spurred ahead,

winning by several feet. The stands went mad. Boos and hisses—whether for the defeated, or the winner, Shan-lo couldn't tell—filled the air. Above the din he could hear the mighty bellow of Golah.

It was Shan-lo's first victory, his first notch on the road to freedom. He would have to win two more events. . . .

One of the principal attractions of the day was the Carnival of the Convicts, a shocking, bloody massacre of condemned men by tigers. Each year, a certain number of poor prisoners were given the opportunity to win their freedom by battling several huge tigers. This year about forty had elected to take the chance. When they filed into the arena, stripped down to loincloths and each clutching a short knife, the crowds roared. This gory spectacle always gave them much amusement—and seldom did a man live through the frightful ordeal.

Next came the tigers, nine huge Asiatic beasts, whipped to a frenzy by goading and starvation. With hoarse growls they leaped amongst their shivering prey. Shan-lo, watching through the bars of the athletes' quarters, turned his face away. It was too revolting.

It was over quickly. The beasts were victorious, not one man living to claim his freedom.

When the tigers had been driven from their kills, the arena was cleared for the next event. This was weight throwing and hurling the javelin. Shan-lo was the fifth contestant up. He would have to win at least one of these contests. The javelin hurling feature was first. Shan-lo doubted his ability to beat Nestro, the giant Spartan famed throughout Hellas. He would pass this up, concentrate in the weight throwing event.

Nestro won easily against the field and swaggered off the arena amid vociferous cheering.

Five athletes preceded Shan-lo in the weight throwing. One of them, Ahindo, from the east coast of Brut-

them, was the favorite. He vanquished his first four rivals by a matter of several feet in his cast. The cheering and wagering on his prowess roared out. Then Shan-lo stepped up. Ahindo sneered at the lad picked up the heavy iron weight.

At the east the stands were silent. The iron shot through the air and with it went Shan-lo's prayers. It landed a good foot beyond Ahindo's mark! And now indeed the crowds went wild. Instead of booing, they were acclaiming the yellow boy with cries of "Brave the barbarian!" "Look at the yellow devil!" "He must be a wizard!"

Shan-lo took his ovation with a bow to the royal box, and then he hurried to his quarters to don armour for the next event. This was the important one, certainly the most hazardous and difficult, and the one that stood between him and freedom. He was to battle Jetto, a Roman gladiator, in a joust with lances and mace.

As the trumpet sounded, Shan-lo mounted his horse and clattered onto the field. Jetto rode out at the other end, spurring his horse full tilt at Shan-lo. At the first clash, Shan-lo was almost unseated. Jetto whirled and came on again. This time Shan-lo, with a clever thrust he had practiced a long time, disarmed his antagonist. As Jetto's long lance went whirling through the air, fifty thousand throats belched thunderous applause.

Now the battle was with mace only for Jetto, for once a contestant lost a weapon he could not retrieve it. Cries of "Finish the Roman!" "Brave the barbarian!" filled the air. But Shan-lo did a strange thing. He cast his own lance aside and rode against the gladiator on equal footing.

Perhaps it was the surprise at this odd display of sportsmanship. Anyway, the battle was of short duration. Raining blows like a flail, Shan-lo beat Jetto back, had him going in circles, and at length the vanquished Roman fell from his horse. Shan-lo leaped from his saddle and stood over the prostrate man. And once again he did a thing that no Sybarite had ever beheld. He stooped down and assisted Jetto to rise!

The crowd went insane. Never had they witnessed such an act of sportsmanship in the lists. By every tenet of the code Shan-lo should have finished off his antagonist with a blow of his mace. Instead, there he was helping the wounded man to his feet!

People poured down out of the seats, overflowed the arena, bellowing their cheers to the heavens. King Lycous dispatched his personal bearer to Shan-lo with the

scroll making him free. Free! The Macedonian's heart sang. Now he could bend every effort to make his father free also.

But wait. Sybaris is not to be denied its hero! With cries of "Huzrah the Asiatic!" they bore down on him, lifting him to their shoulders, screaming their cheers. Shan-lo was their new hero!

But suddenly above the din of acclaim, another cry resounded. It was echoed by others, surging up from the east gate of the stadium. It was a fearsome sound. "To arms, men of Sybaris! We're attacked! The Crotonians! The guard—where is the guard—!"

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In a gloomy cave far up in the hills above Sybaris, an old man sat, a man with flowing white beard and kindly blue eyes. One leg was chained to a huge block of stone, but the chain was of some length, permitting him to move about. The front of the cave was open, and beyond it lay a vast pit, which was the only entrance to this dreadful prison. In the pit the old man could see the forms of great serpents writhing about, never still, always waiting seemingly for the next victim.

The old man could hear above the snakes' hisses a dull roaring, a rising crescendo of sound that floated up from the city. He shook his head in a puzzled manner.

"Surely this is not the day," he muttered. "And yet"—listening more intently to the mighty surge of strife in the city—"it may be. Kalvah is wise. He lays well his plans. Aye, one day Sybaris will proclaim King Kalvah! Apollo hasten the day!"

The old man fell to meditating. Five years it was since he had left Epirus. Five years . . . He won-

dered how the city fared. How Konar his son was carrying himself. Ah, there was a lad! One day Konar would be a great leader. Aye, king of Epirus no less!

What was that! The serpents had ceased their hissing and writhing. They seemed to be tense. There it was again—voices. The screams of the guard at the pit's entrance. A shout! The iron door was opening. A huge black-bearded man had stopped inside. Another followed, a man in armour. Zeus, were they mad to enter the serpents' lair?

Petrak, for it was he who occupied the cave, shouted a warning. But the two daring men heeded him not. They came boldly on. The snakes, huge mouths agape, hurled their monstrous bodies at their victims. Golah, whirling his sword, sheared the head off the first snake. His roars curled the air, the bellows of a giant at the sport he loved best—fighting. The other man, Petrak, saw, had no weapon, but he used his arms like flails.

It was a ghastly, incredible battle. Golah chopped a path through the serpents, but always others filled the gap. The pit was red with gore. An hour passed, and now only one snake remained alive. Golah's sword had been broken off short, but he used the stub in the manner of a dagger. The last snake fought with a ferocity that was comparable to a tiger, and it was amazingly crafty withal. Lashing its mighty folds, it suddenly seized Golah's leg in its mouth; then, like lightning, its coils were twined about his body.

CONCLUDED IN THE MARCH
ISSUE OF FEATURE FUNNIES—
ON SALE FEBRUARY 1ST.



BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

AFTER SKOOKIE IS FRIGHTENED BY A MAD DOG, HAL THOMPSON RESCUES HIM FROM THE HANGING WIRE.

BUT, IN THE MEANTIME THE SHOW GOES ON--



AND IN THE CENTER RING--



IN ANOTHER RING THE SUKI-YAKIS PERFORM



AFTER THE SHOW, JEFF BANGS INVESTIGATES THE "BROKEN WIRE"



JEFF SEES THE BOSS PROPERTY MAN--

WHERE'S THE MAN WHO PUT UP HAL THOMPSON'S WIRE THIS MORNING, AL?



I FIRED 'IM BOSS, AT NOON. HE GAVE ME TOO MUCH BACK TALK WHEN I GAVE ORDERS!!



A SHORT TIME LATER

MYRA DEAR-- I KEEP THINKING WHAT IS IT NOW? OH H-HAL-- I-WHAT MIGHT VE HAPPENED TO YOU!



COME MYRA-- CHEER UP-- AND PROMISE ME YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT MY NARROW ESCAPE!



WHILE IN THE CLOWN'S TENT--

BOYS, WHOEVER FILED THAT WIRE HAD ORDERS TO DO IT!!



BUT, WHO'S ORDERS?

OH! HAL DARLING-- IF ANYTHING DID HAPPEN TO YOU I'D DIE!



SEE WHIZ, LADY-- WHAT'S THE MATTER??



WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE BOY? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?



I HEARD YOU CRYIN'-- SO I CAME IN!



I BEEN TRYIN' TA JOIN THIS CIRCUS!! MY NAME'S 'RED O'HARE'-- AN THIS FELLA IS 'WHISKERS'!!



RED, BUT LITTLE BOYS CAN'T JOIN A CIRCUS JUST BECAUSE THEY WANT TO!



FOR MANY REASONS, DEAR!



WHAT ARE SOME OF TH' REASONS, LADY?



WELL, FIRST, IF BOYS WANT TO JOIN A CIRCUS THEY MUST GET THEIR PARENTS' CONSENT!!



BUT, I AINT GOT ANY PAR-ENTS, LADY!



OH! YOU POOR BOY!!-- NEITHER HAVE I!!



GEE-- THAT SORTA MAKES US FRIENDS-- DON'T IT!



YES-- IT DOES, DEAR-- NOW, ABOUT "WHISKERS"-- CAN HE DO TRICKS?



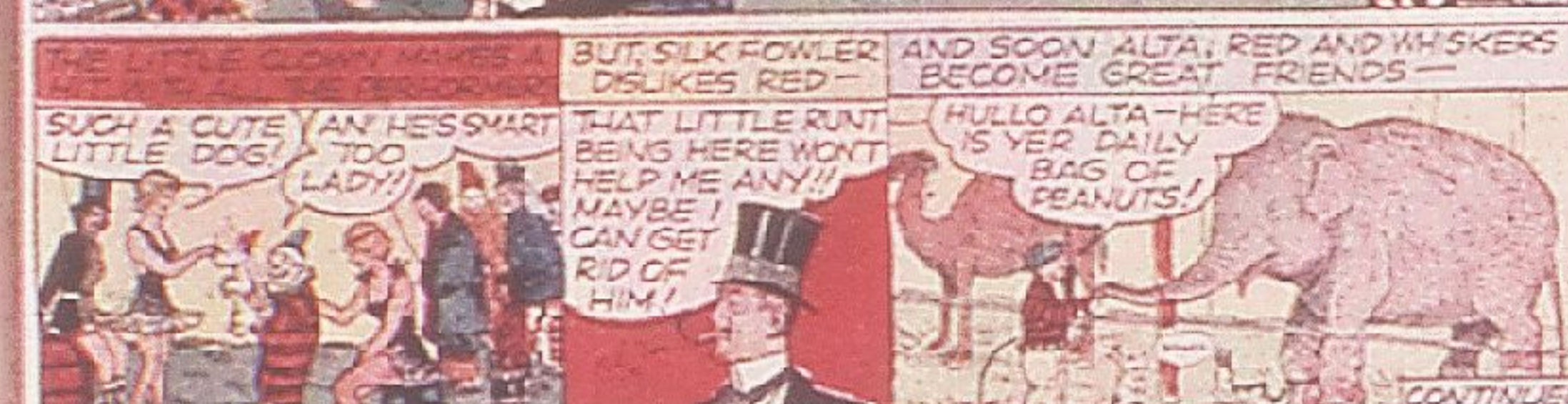
OH!! I'LL SHOW YA!



C'MON, WHISKERS-- A FLIP-- FLOP FER TH' NICE LADY!!



BIG TOP BY ED WHELAN



Big Top is continued in the March issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale February 1st.



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



RAPHAEL - immortal Italian artist, PAINTED MORE THAN 100 PICTURES OF THE VIRGIN MARY



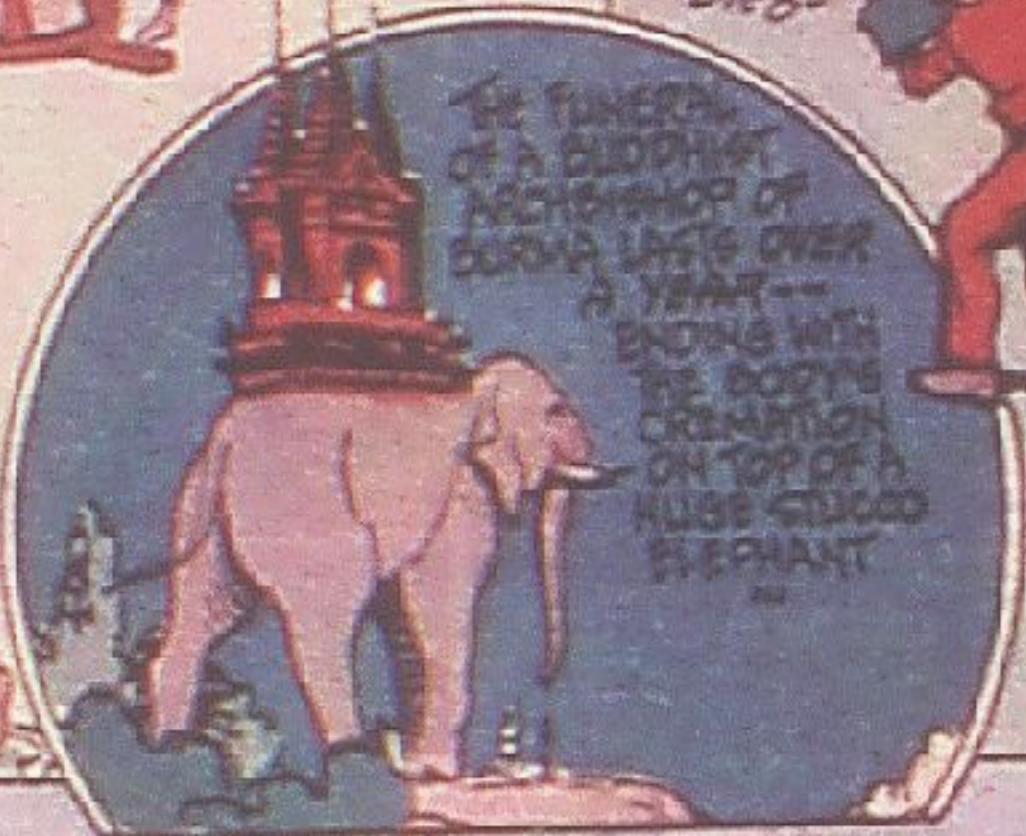
A 12-HOUR "HOURGLASS" WAS OWNED BY CHARLEMAGNE, HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR...

PETER BEVINOE CARRIED A 101-LB. SACK OF SAND 8 MILES IN 2 HOURS, 5 MINUTES

San Diego



SAILORS' BELL-BOTTOMED TROUSERS ARE SO DESIGNED TO MAKE THEM EASILY ROLLED FOR DECK SCRUBBING

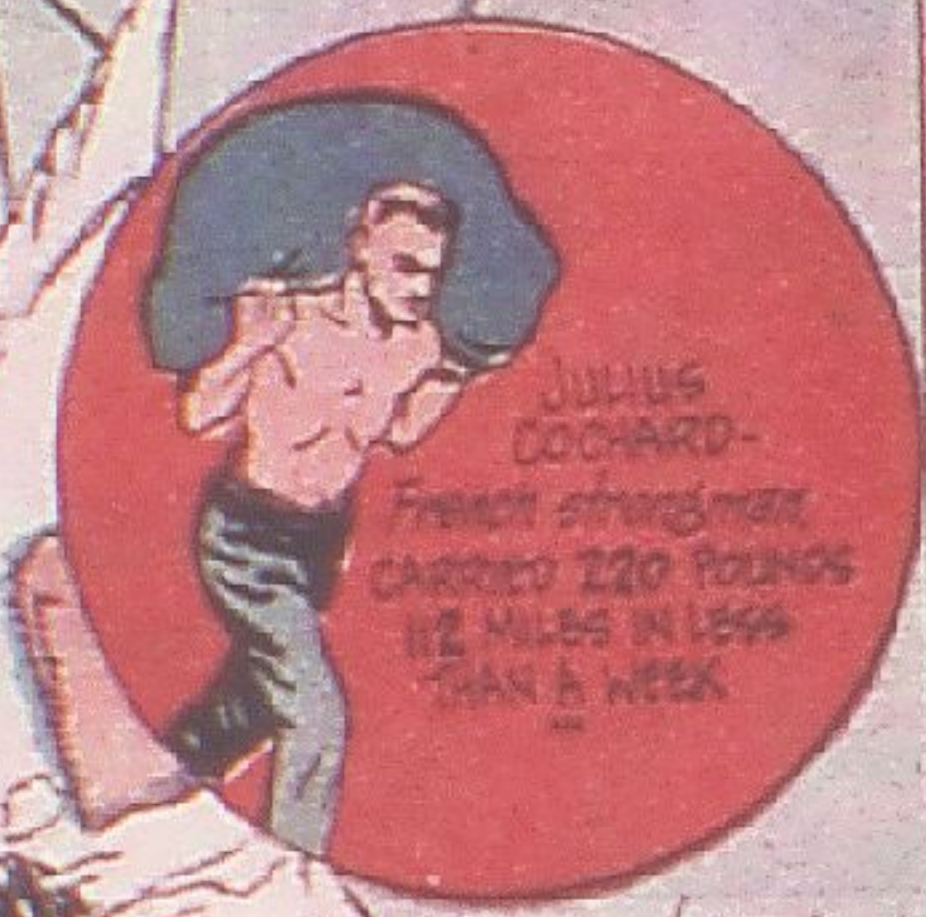


THE FUNERAL OF A BUDDHIST ARCHBISHOP OF BURMA LASTS OVER A YEAR - ENDING WITH THE BODY'S CREMATION ON TOP OF A HUGE STUCCO ELEPHANT

THE FIJI ISLANDS

WERE DISCOVERED AND CHARTED BY WILLIAM BLIGH - English naval officer AND 18 MEN WHILE ADRIET IN AN OPEN 23-FOOT BOAT AND LACKING IN NAVIGATION INSTRUMENTS, FOOD AND WATER... CAST OFF BY THE MUTINEERS OF THE 'BOUNTY', BLIGH AND HIS CREW SAILED 4,254 MILES WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A LIFE!

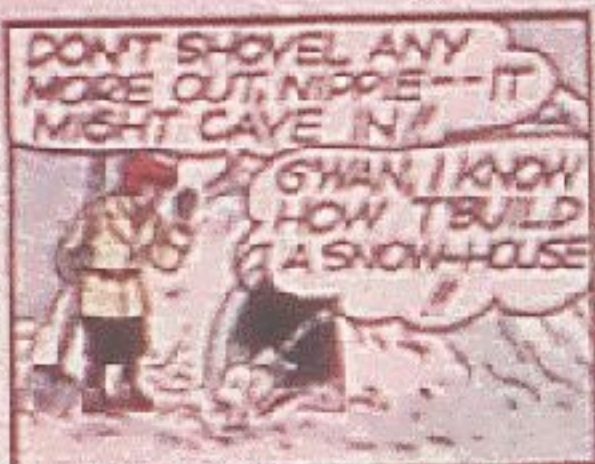
-1789-



JULIUS COCHARDE - French strongman CARRIED 220 POUNDS 112 MILES IN LESS THAN A WEEK

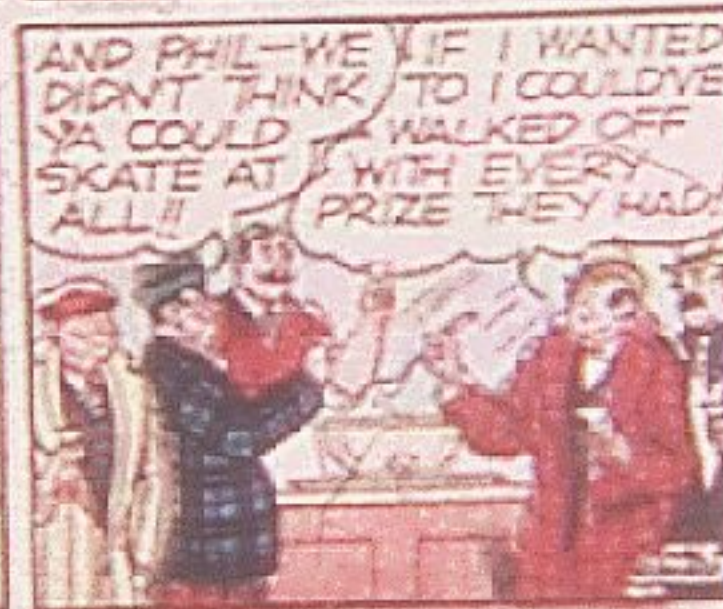
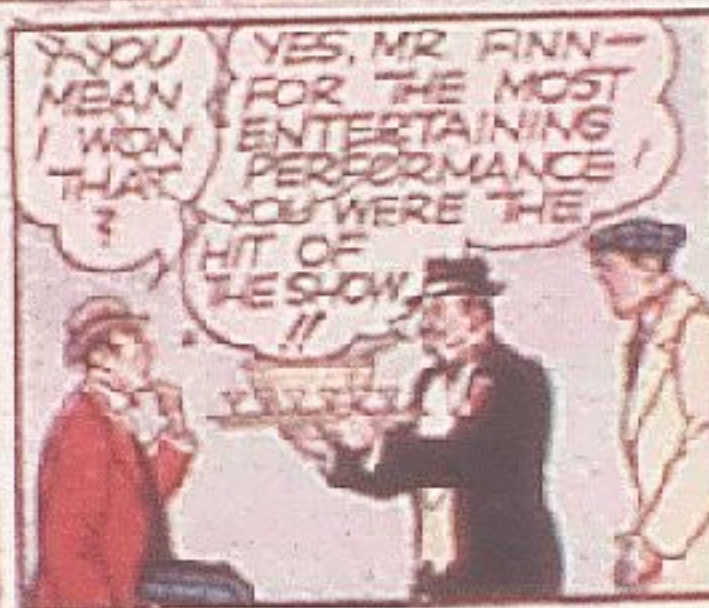


John Hix



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!!

NIPPIE—THE
MOON IS
SHINING IN
MY EYES—
PLEASE GET
UP AN' PULL
DOWN THE
SHADES!

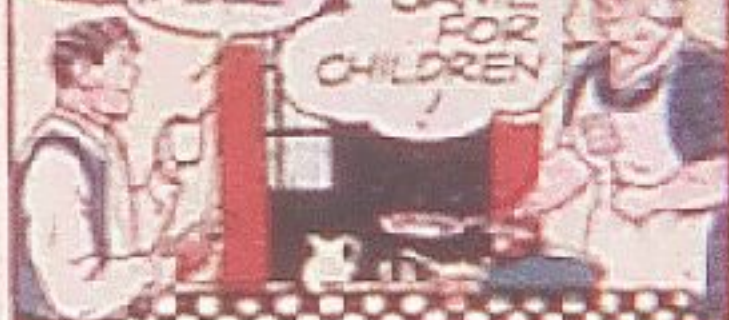
I DON'T
HAFTA
GET UP—I
CAN
REACH IT!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

I'M GOIN' OVER
TO UNCLE PHIL'S
LODGE TONIGHT,
MA— THEY
JUST BOUGHT
A PING-PONG
TABLE



I KNOW—
AND YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
WAS AGAINST
IT—HE SAYS
IT'S A
GAME
FOR
CHILDREN

SO YOU
THINK IT'S
A SASSY'S
GAME,
EH DADDY?



WHY, SURE
I DO!
GIVE YA
ALL THE
EXERCISE
YA WANT!
YOU'LL
SEE!

BETTER TAKE
YOUR COAT
AND HAT
OFF, PHIL!



WHAT'S JUST
TO BAT THIS
LITTLE BALL
AROUND? DON'T
BE SILLY— LET'S
GO!!



I THOUGHT I'D
COME OVER AN'
PLAY SOME PING
PONG— IS THE
TABLE
IN USE
RIGHT
NOW?



YES—YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
IS USIN'
IT, MICKEY!!

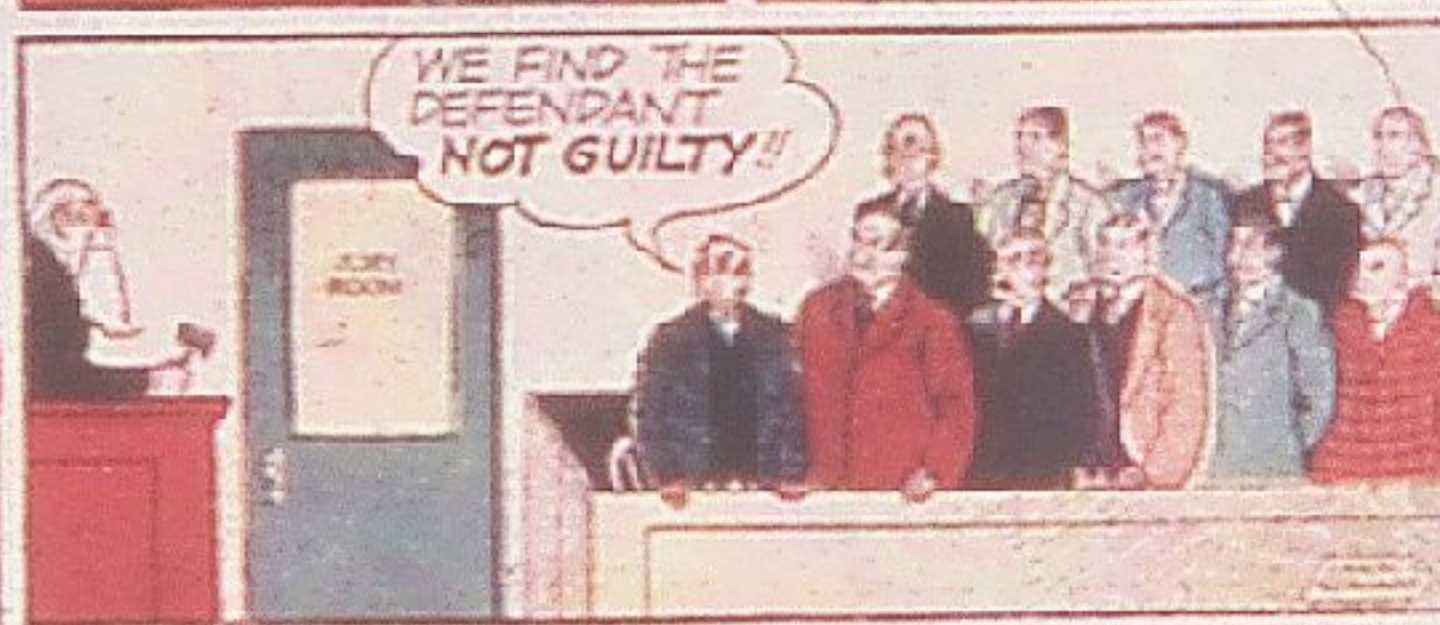
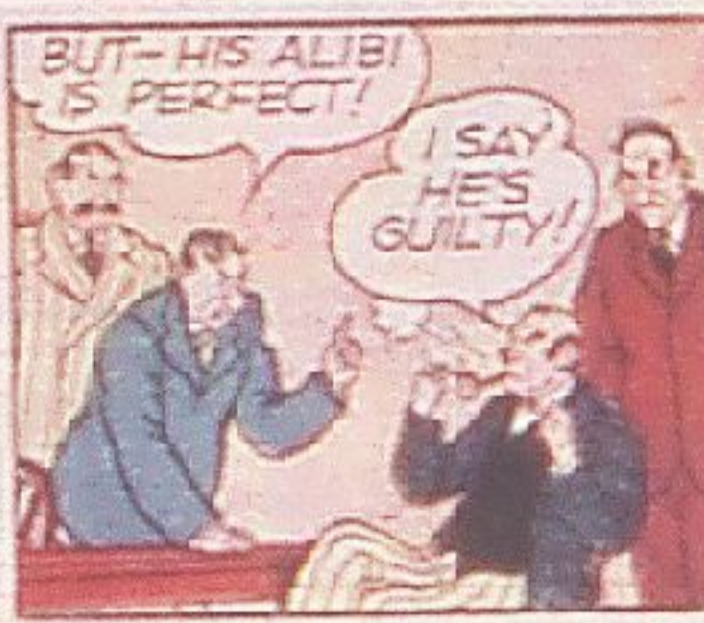
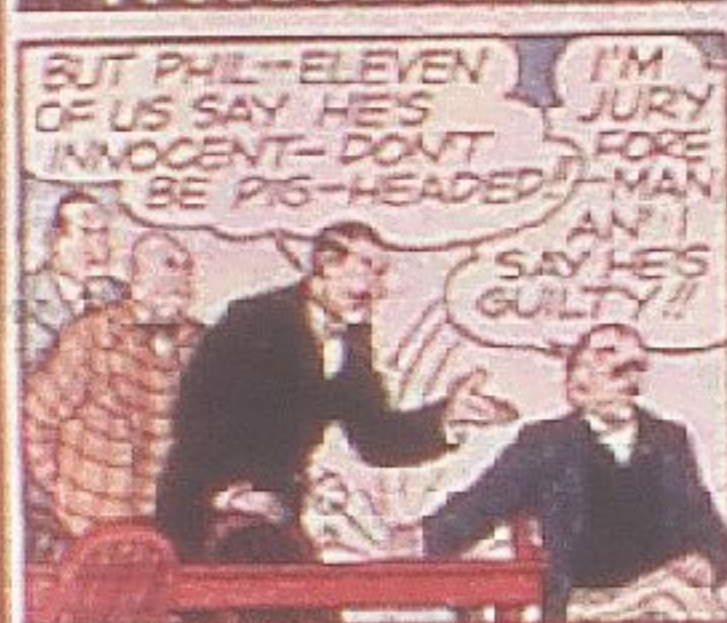
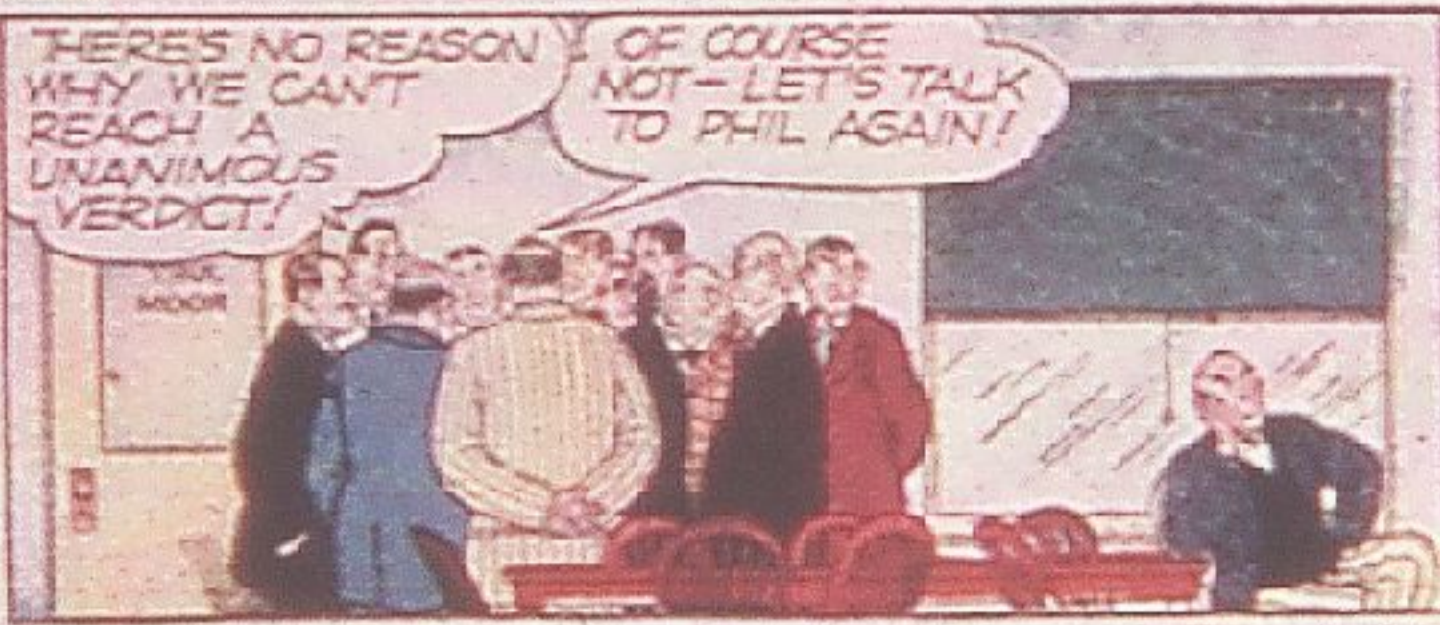


KEEP
FANNIN'
HIM!!



MICKEY FINN

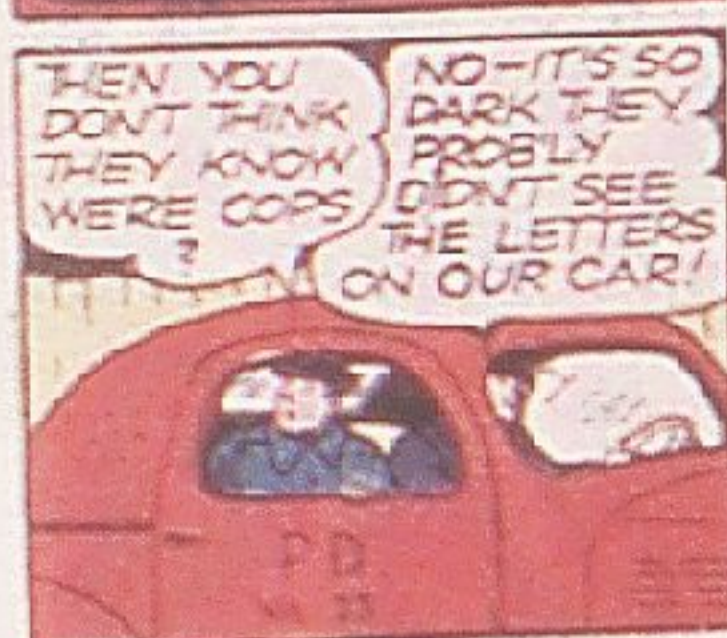
By LANK LEONARD





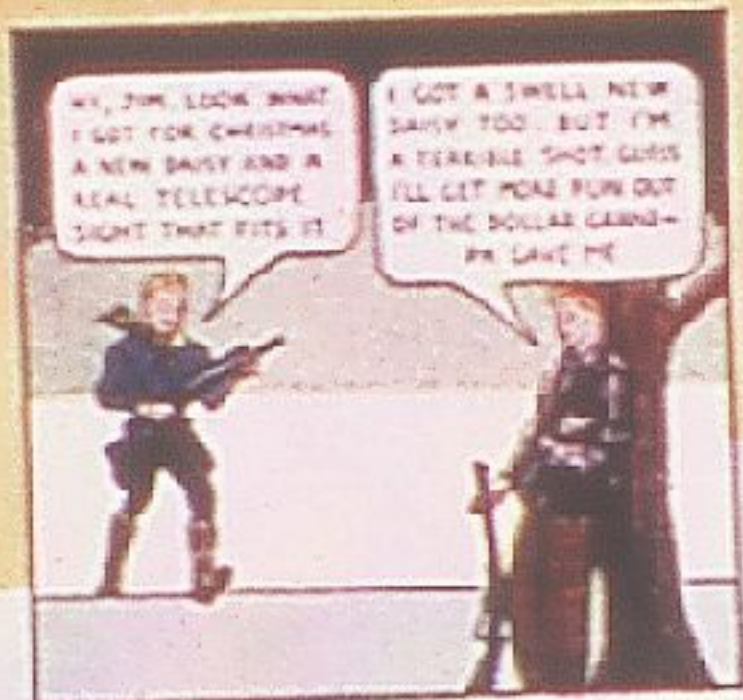
MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the March issue—on sale February 1st.

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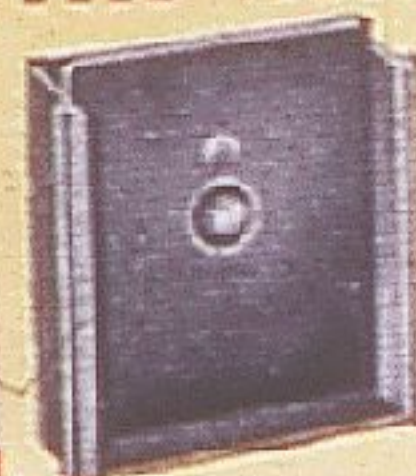
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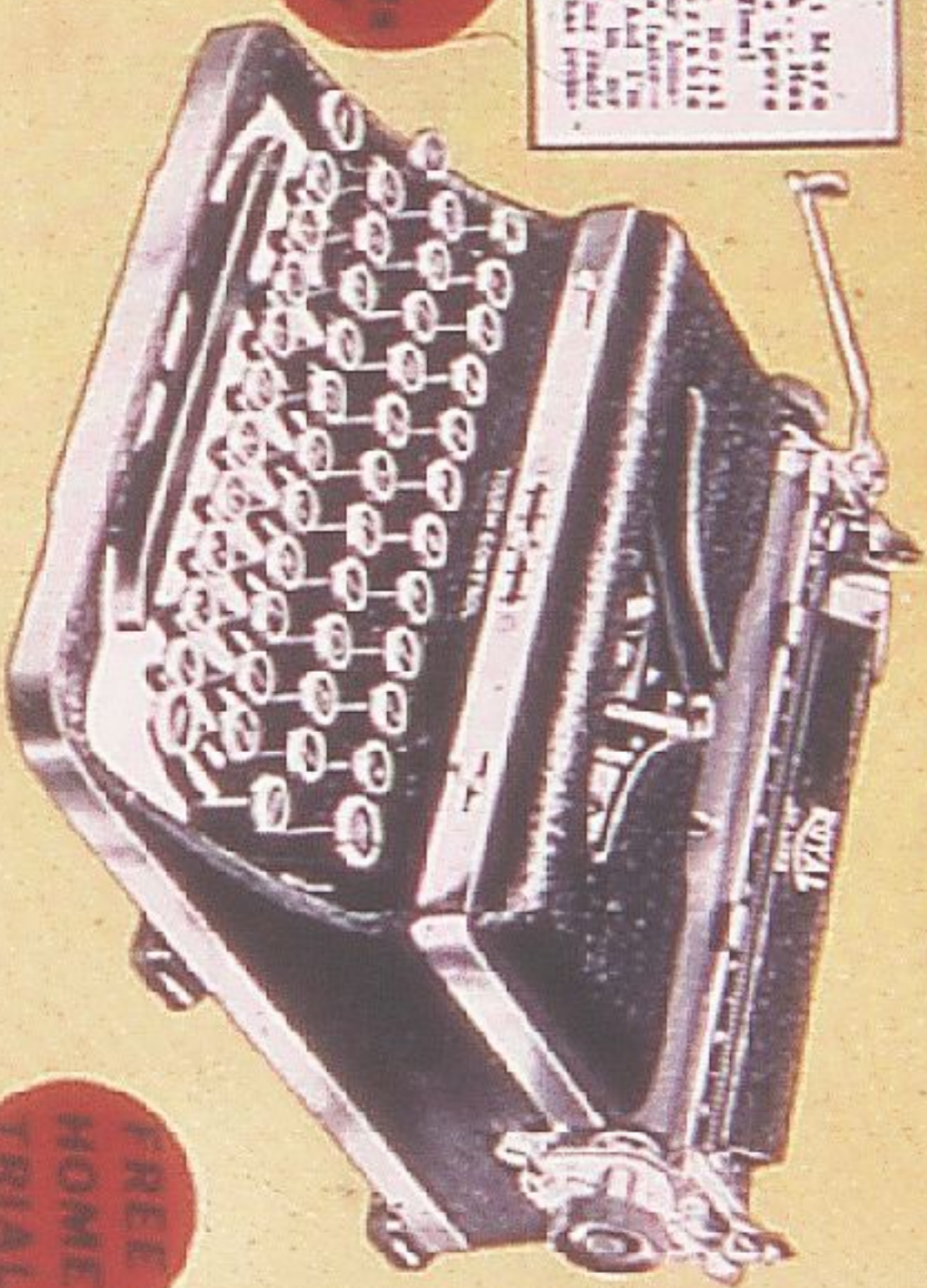
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